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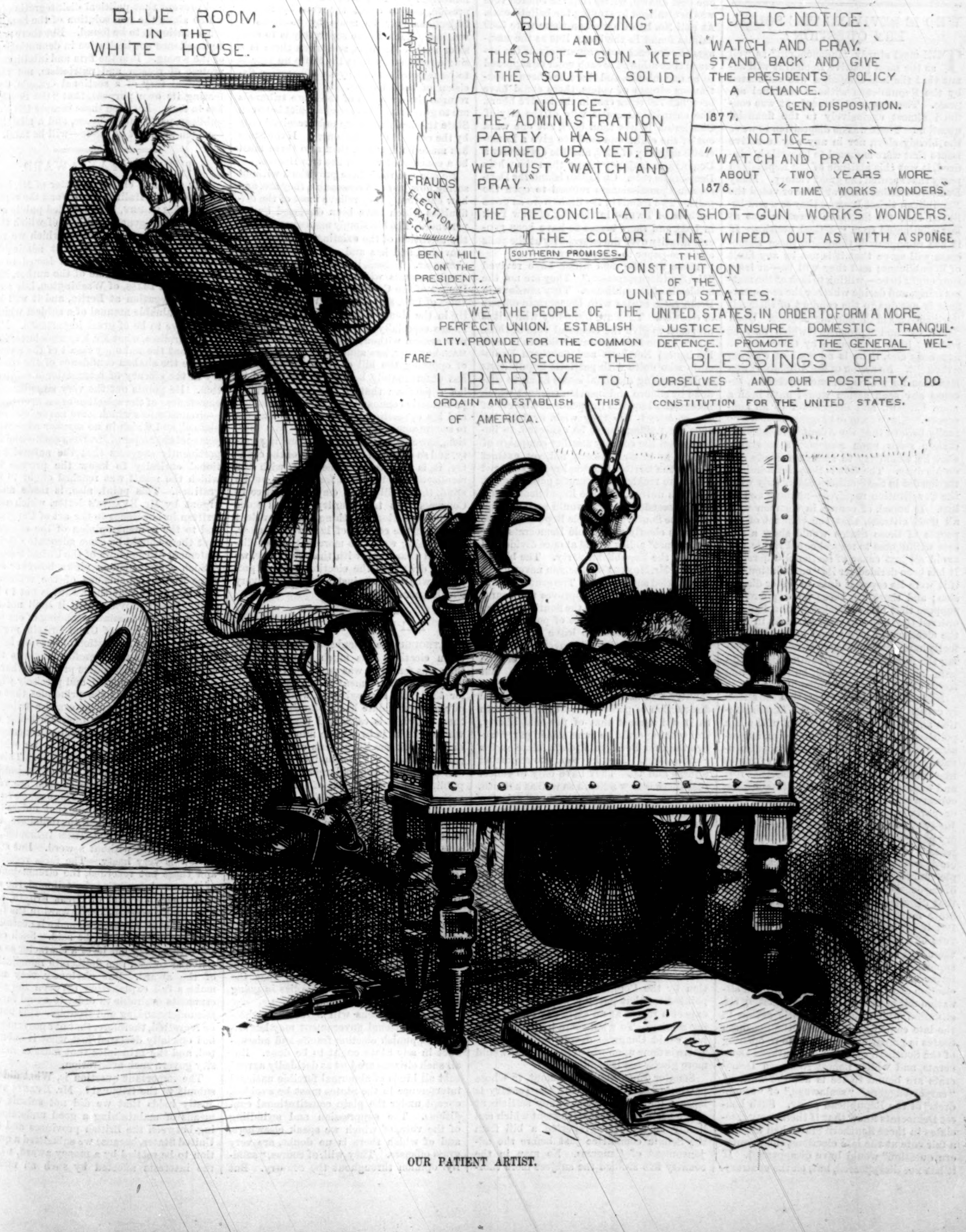
BLUE ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.
"BULL DOZING AND THE SHOT-GUN." "KEEP THE SOUTH SOLID."
PUBLIC NOTICE. "WATCH AND PRAY." STAND BACK AND GIVE THE PRESIDENTS POLICY A CHANCE. GEN. DISPOSITION. 1877.
NOTICE. THE "ADMINISTRATION PARTY" HAS NOT TURNED UP YET. BUT WE MUST "WATCH AND PRAY."
NOTICE. "WATCH AND PRAY." ABOUT TWO YEARS MORE 1878. "TIME WORKS WONDERS."
FRAUDS ON ELECTION DAY. S.C.
THE RECONCILIATION SHOT-GUN WORKS WONDERS.
THE COLOR LINE. WIPED OUT AS WITH A SPONGE
BEN HILL ON THE PRESIDENT.
SOUTHERN PROMISES.
THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.
WE THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. IN ORDER TO FORM A MORE PERFECT UNION. ESTABLISH JUSTICE. ENSURE DOMESTIC TRANQUILLITY. PROVIDE FOR THE COMMON DEFENCE. PROMOTE THE GENERAL WELFARE. AND SECURE THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY TO OURSELVES AND OUR POSTERITY, DO ORDAIN AND ESTABLISH THIS CONSTITUTION FOR THE UNITED STATES. OF AMERICA.
Th: Nast

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, November 30, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a fine engraving representing a Woman of Constantinople, from a painting by* Gérôme, *and other pictorial attractions.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

WHO IS REVIVING THE SOUTHERN QUESTION?

THE most sturdy "independent" as well as the most positive Democrat will admit that the late campaign was conducted by the Republicans without sectional appeals. The argument throughout was confined almost exclusively to the financial question. There was no disposition to wave the bloody shirt, nor in any way to revive issues that were assumed to be settled. Indeed, it was this attitude of the Republican party that secured the great victory. Many Democrats either staid at home or voted the Republican ticket because they saw and believed that the Southern question was at last eliminated from practical politics. If it has re-appeared, therefore, those Democrats will agree that it is not by any fault of Republicans; and they will be—at least they ought to be—willing to look at the matter fairly, and decide whether the re-appearance is not due to the conduct of their fellow-partisans in the Southern States. Upon "pledges" and "promises" which may or may not have been made by Governors or any body else, there is no need of wasting a thought. No action of the Administration has been founded upon such pretenses, because any such action would have been a mere bargain, and disgraceful to all concerned. There seem to be some persons who really believe that the Administration took certain steps upon somebody's assurance that he would try to make somebody else do his duty. The fact is that the Administration did in the Southern States only what the Constitution required—no more and no less. It hoped, of course, in common with all good citizens, that the conduct of the people of those States would show a sincere willingness to respect equal rights, and avoid all just cause of sectional difference. It has been derided for its "conciliation," as if it were its especial duty to foster dissension; and there are those who apparently suppose that if the Administration had not ordered the troops to their barracks in 1877, the elections of 1878 would have been perfectly harmonious and honest, notwithstanding the fact that in 1876, before this Administration existed, murders, bulldozing, and terror at the polls were indisputable.

It is undeniable, we repeat, that the strictly constitutional action of the Administration and the Republican conduct of the late political campaign had persuaded many persons that the Southern question was fortunately at an end. But in a union of States like ours it will not be denied, also, that free and honest elections in every State are the concern of all the States, and that any class or party which destroys that freedom is justly obnoxious to honest citizens of every party every where in the country. The reasons of this are obvious. It is a Democratic tradition and it is a Republican principle, confirmed by the Congressional approval of the decisions of the Electoral Commission, that disputes about the electoral vote in a State must be settled by the State itself. But if the result should depend upon the vote of a single State, and if in that State there had been an open, flagrant, notorious suppression of the freedom of election by terror or fraud, the experience of the last election shows how critical the national situation might become. This is precisely the situation which the Democratic action in the late campaign in some of the Southern States is preparing. This is the re-opening of the Southern question by Southern Democrats, and which honest Northern Democrats are bound to see is not the work of "carpet-baggers," "scalawags," or "scoundrels" of the Republican party. Such honest Democrats know that if their party associates in those Southern States had allowed a fair vote at the late elections, the "Southern question" would have disappeared. If it has not disappeared, but, on the contrary, is revived, it is because Southern Democrats have prevented a fair election.

In Louisiana, according to a correspondent of the *Tribune*, the Caddo Parish has a registered colored majority of 2000. It gave 900 Republican majority in 1876. It now gives 2000 Democratic majority. Concordia Parish has 300 registered white voters, and in 1876 it gave 1700 Republican majority. It now gives a Democratic majority. Red River Parish is the scene of the Coushatta massacre, and has been constantly Republican since 1870. This year there were practically no Republican votes cast. Ouachita, which never gave a smaller Republican majority than 800, cast exactly 13 Republican votes at the late election. In Lincoln not a single Republican vote was cast. In other parishes the Republican vote was practically withheld. No intelligent man will argue that this was a mere political trick. Such a trick was never heard of elsewhere, and it is merely a desperate assertion when the fact of systematized terror is known. In South Carolina, Mr. Mackey, but not the one best known, writes that the colored vote was neutralized by stuffing the ballot-boxes. At poll No. 1 in Charleston there were 3569 ballots found in the box. But as the managers swore each voter separately, if the average time allowed to each voter be supposed to be one minute, and there had been a continuous stream of voters, there could have been but 720 votes cast in the twelve hours. The entire Democratic vote of the city of Charleston is less than 6500, but one ward out of the eight was made to give a Democratic majority of 4392, and the entire city a Democratic majority larger than the whole Democratic vote. On Edisto Island the Democratic Commissioners refused to open the polls. The frauds in the State were as gross as those of Tweed in the city of New York in 1869, and there seems to have been general hilarity over the superiority at the polls of tissue-paper to gunpowder.

These are the acts which have revived "the Southern question." They are not the misdeeds of Republicans. They are done in Democratic States with Democratic officers of election. They are frauds by which it is proposed to give the electoral vote of these States to the Democratic candidates in 1880. Do honest Northern and Southern Democrats who unite with patriotic Republicans in deprecating sectional issues mean to condone by silence and inaction conduct which necessarily imperils the peace and safety of the country? Do they wish, by insisting that such things must be expected, to impose upon the country another campaign of appeal to bitter passions not yet extinct and to the terrible hatreds bred of slavery? The more reckless Democratic papers assert, but it is untrue, that the Republican party, if it succeeded in 1880, would seek "to oppress the South." Sensible Republicans see quite as clearly as sensible Democrats that a "bayonet" policy would at once divide and destroy the Republican party. The bloody shirt, in Mr. Morton's sense, can never again be unfurled successfully. The sound Republican sentiment which approves the course of the Administration in the Southern States holds, at least, the balance of power in the party, and it desires to leave every State untrammelled in its self-government. No Republican President can ever be elected but with that clear understanding. But the intelligent opinion of this part of the country will as surely combine against the destruction of political liberty in the South as it did against that of personal liberty, and nothing could be more stupid party tactics than for Democrats to stimulate such a combination. They have only to remember Kansas and '56. They have only to reflect that there is now a North as well as a South, and that all which the North asks is fair play for all citizens in every State under State laws.

THE ELECTION OF THE PRESIDENT.

There is at present no adequate and proper legal provision for the relief of difficulties that are now shown to be most probable in the election of President. It is a subject which the tremendous peril of two years since forces upon public attention, and it is to be presumed that some progress has been made in the consideration of the question by the Congressional committees appointed for that purpose, and that we may expect a report at an early day of the coming session. To what more important subject could Congress devote its attention? There is none upon which the country would more gladly see it employed.

Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, to whose patriotic sagacity and care the country is largely indebted for the happy settlement of the peril of 1876—a settlement which can hardly be repeated—reported a bill from the Senate committee just before the adjournment of Congress. No man in the country has studied the subject more thoroughly than Senator Edmunds, and there is no more practical statesman in Congress. His bill wisely deals with the correction of abuses and imperfections in the present system of election, and does not propose any constitutional change to abolish the electors, nor to elect by direct vote nor by a numerical majority. The bill provides for the election on the first Tuesday of October. It contains, as part of itself, the constitutional disqualification as electors of those holding offices of trust and profit under the United States, and the electors are to cast their votes on the second Monday of January following their election. The bill provides further that every State must enact laws in advance for the determination of all disputes arising from the election; the decision must be made before the time for the meeting of the electors, and the decision of the State is to be conclusive evidence, and to govern in the counting of the electoral votes by Congress. The bill further provides for a joint session of the Houses of Congress on the second Monday of February following, the President of the Senate to preside, and to count the vote by tellers. Objections may be made by members in writing. Each House separately is to consider such objections, and when there is a single return only from the State no vote is to be rejected except by an affirmative decision of both Houses. In case of double returns the decisions of the State tribunals are to govern, and in case of conflict between State tribunals votes are to be received only by the consent of both Houses. If the State has made no decision, then also there must be a concurrent vote of the two Houses.

No one can read these provisions without seeing how just and reasonable they are, and how effectually they relieve most of the difficulties which have been disclosed by experience. The bill simply makes practicable the intention of the existing constitutional provision, and has and can have no party character. Indeed, it is tolerably clear that the Democrats will probably control both Houses of the Congress that will count the votes of 1880, and the fact that their majority in the House will be small makes that House especially a good one to begin the new system without suspicion. Mr. Thurman, however, has announced his intention of opposing the bill of Mr. Edmunds. He has unfortunately become so mere and so hot a partisan that he has lost the regard he formerly commanded from his opponents, and his opposition will doubtless be aimed to secure some party advantage. In a question, however, so entirely transcending party, and so essential to the peace of the country, it is fair to presume that, with the recollection of 1876 still fresh in the public mind, there will be an emphatic notice to Congress that the country expects some conclusive action. Nothing is more evident than that the contest of 1880 will be close, and nothing would be more nationally disgraceful than that, with that certainty, we should drift into the election with no provision whatever against a peril that every sensible man perceives.

REPUBLICAN PERIL.

Although the Greenback vote in the autumn elections was much less important than was feared, it was yet large enough to be an essential element in the calculations for 1880. In Pennsylvania, while the Republican candidate has a plurality of more than 20,000, it is estimated that upon the whole vote he is in a large minority. And in New York the Republican candidate has only a plurality. The combined Democratic and Greenback vote is larger than the Republican: and two-thirds of the Greenback vote, which may reach 50,000, is undoubtedly Democratic. If there should be three Presidential candidates in 1880, the Republicans, if they now move wisely, would have a fair chance of electing their candidate. But if the Greenback vote should return to its old party connections, the Republican prospect would be more obscure. In this situation there is danger for the Republicans. It arises from the fact that the success of the autumn encourages the leaders who had well-nigh destroyed the party to believe that the country has declared in favor of them and their ways. But it is the plainest lesson of the situation that the chance of Republican success lies in going forward, and not in turning back.

All good citizens will agree that whatever the national government may lawfully do to punish election frauds and misconduct in any State ought to be done. But all such citizens are just as decidedly agreed that all kinds of abnormal forcible national interference in the States must be avoided, except under the plain constitutional conditions. The suppression and swindling of the vote, of which we speak elsewhere, and of which there is no doubt, are very gross offenses. They will, of course, "solidify" opinion throughout the country. But the lawful remedy is really local, and the remedy which is open to the country is moral. Instead, therefore, of a sectional clamor against "the South," the course of patriotism and common-sense—that is, the true Republican policy—is to aid the local sentiment which perceives the folly and the danger of such crimes to take legal measures against the criminals. If, indeed, no local steps should be taken, if the most flagrant wrongs may be done without any sign of indignation or desire of redress in the community concerned, that community can not be surprised if it is held morally responsible.

The true Republican policy is the frankest exposure and condemnation of such wrongs as have been perpetrated in Louisiana and South Carolina and Florida, and an equally frank disclaimer of any purpose of forcible interference. The wrongs are of a kind that can not be redressed from without and by violence. The remedy, indeed, must be gradual. In the nature of things it can not be peremptory. A "bloody-shirt" leadership of the Republican party will necessarily confirm the "solidity" of the South, and prevent that political disintegration in which alone the real solution of the Southern situation is to be found. But there can be no silence nor hesitation in denunciation of the wrong. It is the firm and intelligent protest of reason and patriotism, not the hysterical fury of a sectional crusade, defeating its own purpose, that "the South" has to fear. Between these courses the Republican party must choose, and a mistake —which need not be made—will be fatal.

THE HALIFAX AWARD.

The able and elaborate letter of Mr. Evarts upon the Halifax award, and the reply of Lord Salisbury, have recalled public attention to the general subject, of which the communication to the *Herald* which we recently mentioned is the most admirable statement. It has now been issued in a pamphlet with the name of the author, Mr. Alexander Bliss, of Washington, late secretary of legation at Berlin, and it will be found a valuable manual of a subject which may prove to be of great importance. Mr. Bliss surmises, what Mr. Evarts's letter implies, that the unhappy result of the award may be the shaken confidence of the country in the efficacy of international arbitration. He points out the very singular circumstances of the selection of an arbitrator —circumstances which have never been explained, and which in no manner affect the personal character of Mr. Delfosse—and he pertinently suggests that the natural national curiosity to know the process by which the result was reached ought to be gratified. This point, also, is made more urgent by Mr. Evarts's letter, which was written in obedience to the act of Congress and to the evident opinion of the country that there should be some adequate official statement of the views of the United States.

Such a statement of views, however adverse to the conclusions of the tribunal, does not imply that the award is not to be paid. But it provides that it shall not be paid under any misunderstanding of our action upon the part of Great Britain, nor to the prejudice of any action of our own hereafter. Mr. Evarts, therefore, reviews the whole case. He considers precisely what it was that was submitted, and precisely what was not submitted; the principles that of necessity should have governed a tribunal so constituted, and, the question being reduced to a single point of mutual concession or bargain, precisely what it is for which the sum of $5,500,000 is awarded. This is substantially the purport, also, of Mr. Bliss's pamphlet, and the figures of each are very striking and conclusive. There seems to be in some quarters a feeling that unless the United States intended to repudiate the award, as the London *Times* intimated, it should be paid without a word. But such a view is very hasty. The facts recorded and those not recorded, the circumstances of the appointment of the tribunal, the extraordinary demand of Great Britain, and the equally extraordinary award in the face of indisputable figures, all make it necessary that something should be said. Such considerations may not be of a character so decisive as to lead to a deliberate repudiation of the award. But obviously they may make a full explanation between the governments desirable in order to avoid future misunderstanding and trouble. It is not to be regretted, therefore, that our government has officially declared just what it submitted, and the principles that must of necessity govern such arbitration.

The important question is, What did we submit to the tribunal? Mr. Evarts very justly holds that we did not submit the means of maintaining a good understanding between the British provinces and the United States, because we submitted a question to be settled by a money award, while the interests affected by such an understanding are not computable in money. The question was, What is the true value to us of the inshore mackerel fishery in British waters after the set-off of privileges conceded by us? Mr. Evarts, like Mr. Bliss, resorts to inexorable figures, and he shows that the award is greater than the total value of the fish caught, cured, and delivered. The annual profit for the five years since the treaty has not been more, upon any reasonable computation, than $25,000, which would be but $300,000 for the twelve years, while the amount of the award is more than eighteen times the value of the privilege, without the deduction of the value of our concessions, computable in the same manner upon undisputed evidence. The amount of the award may have been determined by an extraordinary misconception of the question submitted, or by a consideration of indirect advantages. It is well, therefore, that there should be no misunderstanding of our denial that indirect advantages could be justly considered, and of our view of the limits of the submission. The unanimity of the award, upon which Mr. Evarts lays some stress, will not be thought a very important point, nor does he make it vital. If unanimity be essential, why name an arbitrator? And if provision be made for an arbitrator, it should seem to be clear that disagreement was contemplated. We presume that the award will be paid, but there will be no misapprehension of the position of the United States.

PARTY DISCIPLINE.

There has been a very amusing case of attempted party "discipline" in New York. The Republican party in the city is managed through district associations, and one of the conditions of membership is a pledge "to honorably sustain all nominations made by the Republican party through its legally constituted Conventions, called or recognized by the Central Committee." This is reducing to solemn form the famous declaration of voting for the devil if he be the regular candidate. At a late meeting of one of these associations a resolution was passed accusing another of the associations of combining with "a few sorehead Democrats" in "defeating the Hon. Bernard Biglin." This crime was consummated under the leadership of "George Bliss, Jun.," whom the association find guilty upon the spot, and recommend and request the Central Committee to expel "the said George Bliss, Jun.," and to reduce his association to order. Another association, of which Mr. Biglin is president, preferred charges against two of its members for not supporting him. One of those refractory Republicans contumaciously replied, and the other assented, setting forth his reasons for voting as he pleased, and concluding as follows:

> "I was sustained in my action by 1500 Republican voters in our own Assembly District, and by a large majority in the Seventh Senatorial District; my cause was further approved by a majority of the Republican voters in every election district in the Eighteenth Assembly District. I, with the majority of the Republicans of the Seventh Senatorial District, thought it would be to the best interests of the Republicans in our district to defeat Mr. Biglin. In my course I followed the advice of the Republican press of New York city. The County Convention and the Republican Central Committee recommended a union with Anti-Tammany on all candidates. I followed their advice, and went for the Anti-Tammany candidate for alderman for our district.
>
> "All of which are respectfully submitted for your consideration. Hoping you will sustain me in my action as a good Republican, I remain, very respectfully."

This is an illustration to our remoter readers of what is known as "the machine," which attempts to compel every Republican to support the "regular" nominations, and holds the power to make those nominations. It makes no provision whatever for securing the nomination of proper candidates, but insists upon the support of its own nominees. In this case a man was regularly nominated for alderman who, in the judgment of most intelligent citizens, was an unfit candidate, and the exercise of the common right of every American citizen to vote according to conviction is visited with discipline. The remote reader naturally asks why do self-respecting men join such an association? The answer is that unless he be a member of an association his right to vote at a primary meeting of the party may be questioned and refused. It is in this way that the control of the party in the city which sends so controlling a delegation to State Conventions is held fast in the hands of a ring, and the great body of intelligent and respectable Republicans is practically disfranchised. This is the reason that certain most eminent and able Republicans of the city are never seen at a State Convention. In 1876 "the machine" wished to nominate Mr. A. B. Cornell as a candidate for the Governorship. The State Committee invited "all Republican electors" to unite in choosing delegates. Under the alleged authority of this call the Central or City Committee invited the district associations only to meet and choose delegates. They did so, but the city delegation, so manufactured, was unable to control the Convention, and Mr. Morgan was nominated.

This is the system—a system which would "discipline" honorable men for not voting for Mr. Bernard Biglin or any candidate who in any way might obtain a regular nomination, and which meets a constant protest, because it constantly disgusts honest men with their own party. It is not a personal difference with the managers of the machine, unless they choose to make it such; it is a contest with the system. Organization there must be, but organization which requires that a New York Republican shall be punished for not voting for Mr. Bernard Biglin is unspeakably comical.

GOOD SIGNS.

A private letter from Illinois, before the election, said, "It will not be long before Western Republicans will be the most implacable and unconciliating of honest money men." The election certainly shows that the hope of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* to make the Republican a Greenback party will hardly be fulfilled this year. The Hard-money League of the Northwest has issued a vigorous address upon the general result. It holds that return to specie payments is practically secured, but that the work of honest money men is not ended. It announces new designs by the soft-money demagogues, and consequent new duties to counteract them "with clear statements of fact and plain reasoning." The address says that the League has done its work cheaply. Its officers have been paid nothing. It has printed and circulated 150,000 pamphlets, which have been used every where by speakers and writers. It has furnished matter for at least one million of campaign documents. It has inspired countless newspaper articles. It has been directly instrumental in holding several hundred public meetings, and it has perfected an organization by which it can command public attention. In Massachusetts, also, a broadside has been issued gratis, and widely scattered, which contained all the best current articles and speeches upon the financial question, and which has been of signal service in the discussion. In Chicago the young men formed an association with a membership of 250 at the outset for the purpose of taking an active working part in politics, intending to maintain their organization beyond the election, and not to be captured by any of the old political foxes or wolves.

These are all excellent signs of sincere interest in public affairs. But none is more re-assuring than the effect of the publication of the cipher dispatches, which is the most powerful newspaper stroke since the *Times's* exposure of the Tweed Ring. The publication has silenced the cry of fraud, and destroyed the possibility of a second candidature of Mr. Tilden. Indeed, the history of the year, like that of 1877, encourages every friend of free popular institutions. While Bismarck is trying to silence discussion, and evidently fears a free press and free speech, we have illustrated anew their value and their conservative influence. Despite all drawbacks and fears, the talk of Kearney, the audacity of Butler, the hard times, the intricacy of finance, there has been a thorough and at last an uncompromising discussion, every newspaper and periodical and orator speaking out, and the result is a revolution for honesty and intelligence. The importance of such a result can not be magnified. It seems to confirm Mr. Phillips's assertion that universal suffrage is our sheet-anchor. We know that it is not altogether an intelligent or an honest suffrage. It is a vote bought in great cities by the tenement block, a vote controlled in part by motives of bread and butter, a vote determined in places by the meanest and most grotesque motives, but, upon the whole, by the mysterious working of causes which justify the famous phrase—famous because true—that all men know more than any man. There has been a great response to a great appeal, and every American is prouder of his country.

The next duty is to take care that the general policy for which the country has declared shall be carried out. The sophisms by which the inflationists and silver men defended their plans have now been exposed. The exposure has shown that silver "coin" under existing circumstances is of fluctuating and uncertain value, and that steadiness and soundness require that it shall be therefore a limited legal tender and a subsidiary currency. This is evidently the view to which the Treasury and the leading banks incline, and which will be found most serviceable for the country. The public, after the debate of the autumn, will follow with intelligence any debate that may arise in Congress, while the decided expression of national sentiment will strengthen members who have been heretofore silent or shaky. There will be probably no mischievous legislation attempted if there be evidently no sign of indifference on the part of the public, and it will be the crowning glory of Republican administration, after its conduct of the war, the amendments to the Constitution, and reconstruction, to complete the great work by the resumption of specie payments.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Edwin Einstein, Congressman elect from the Seventh District, is the second Israelite who has been elected to Congress from this city, the first having been Emanuel B. Hart, who served from 1851 to 1853. The *Jewish Times* says that Major Noah was once a member from this city, but neither in Lanman's *Congressional Record*, nor in Poore's *Congressional Directory*, just published, does his name appear. Philadelphia sent Henry M. Phillips from 1857 to 1861; Boston sent Leopold Morse in 1877, and has just re-elected him. Judah P. Benjamin was United States Senator from Louisiana from 1853 until 1861. These, we believe, are the only Jews who have served in Congress.

—Now and then one hears of a person whose life seems to have been a constant series of calamities. For instance, John Gregory, who was cut off the other day at eighty-five, in Ferrisburg, Vermont, was born in North Carolina, and when ten years old interfered in behalf of one of his father's slaves, fled from home, walked sixty miles to Norfolk, and shipped as steward's boy. After following the sea for a number of years and visiting many parts of the globe, though very young, he was drafted into Napoleon Bonaparte's army, while in France, but managed to raise his commutation-money, and soon after left the country to escape a second draft. Returning to America, he enlisted in the United States navy, and fought under Commodore Macdonough on Lake Champlain. He had a cutlass scar across the top of his head, which he received while serving on a Spanish privateer in a fight with a French merchantman. Gregory killed his antagonist, but he knew nothing of his own wound till the battle was over and he found his boots filled with blood. After leaving the sea he settled in Ferrisburg, and was always a strong abolitionist.

—Mr. Henry M. Stanley has achieved a decided success in London with his lecture on Africa. His opening night, on the 23d of October, at St. James's Hall, was attended by an audience that filled the hall, and "for two hours he held them in fixed and solemn attention." The London *Telegraph* (whose proprietor paid one-half the expenses of the expedition) says that "the map of Africa hung behind the lecturer, but it was not once alluded to. At last, when the book was closed, a visible disappointment possessed all who were assembled. Instead of being wearied with what they had heard, all seemed desirous of hearing more. The anecdote had been so interesting that the hours had slipped unconsciously away, and cheer after cheer, redoubled and repeated with characteristic vigor, brought Mr. Stanley once more forward to return thanks. The tone of the lecture was marked by simplicity and modesty. It is the latter quality that so favorably impressed the audience, and which established such a sympathetic chord between those who listened and the brave traveller who narrated."

—Mr. Thurlow Weed celebrated his eighty-first birthday on the 15th of November. It found him in excellent health, and with faculties as bright and acute as ever. After a brief chat with the writer of this he crossed Broadway to attend the meeting of an insurance company of which he is a director. The honoraria which Mr. Weed receives for attendance at directors' meetings in several railroad, insurance, and other corporations, together with his pension as a soldier of the war of 1812, are and for many years have been scrupulously devoted to the relief of certain elderly persons in indigent circumstances in whose comfort Mr. Weed takes active personal interest. Certainly this is a very agreeable and graceful way of gliding down the years for one who for nearly half a century was the Warwick of his party—the maker and unmaker of so many public men, who have been distinguished or extinguished by a word from his mouth or a line from his pen.

—Senator Slater, just elected from Oregon, presents another instance of the self-made man. He left his home in Illinois in 1849 without money, and went to California. He had two partners, who purchased an ox-team, and hired him to drive it overland. If successful, he was to pay the others for one-third the value of the wagon and oxen. With one of the partners he made the journey, losing one of their oxen, and entering the Sacramento Valley with but one animal to draw the wagon. Since then he has prospered in various ways—lawyer, speculator, politician—and is now not only one of the most prominent and successful, but also one of the most popular men in the State.

—Mr. Luigi Monti, a gentleman who has been giving a course of lectures in Boston, is said to be the original of Longfellow's character of the Young Sicilian in the "Way-side Inn."

—Dean Stanley when in Philadelphia was taken by Mr. Childs to one of the negro churches, and seemed greatly interested in the exercises. While the guest of Mr. Field at Irvington he carried away a wreath of maple leaves gathered near the place where Major André—who is buried in Westminster Abbey—was captured.

—Earl Russell is to have a statue in London, to be built by subscriptions limited to $50 each. Lords Beaconsfield, Derby, and Salisbury, and Sir Stafford Northcote have subscribed.

—Mr. William Waud, who died in Jersey City on the 10th of November, was one of the foremost artists in the United States, and to his talent with the pencil he added that of a graphic and graceful writer. During the civil war he was one of the special artists in the service of *Harper's Weekly*, and, with the exception of the New York *Herald* correspondent, was the only civilian present with the fleet when Farragut forced the passage of the Mississippi under the fire of Forts St. Philip and Jackson and the Confederate rams and gun-boats. In this action he occupied a place in the foretop of the frigate *Mississippi*, making sketches amid showers of grape-shot. Mr. Waud was also an accomplished architect. He was one of Sir Joseph Paxton's most trusted assistants while he was building the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Among literary men and artists he was greatly esteemed for his genial disposition and his fine qualities of head and heart.

—The memorial services in honor of William Cullen Bryant that took place at the Century Club a few evenings since were among the notable ones that have occurred in that, the leading literary club of the country. The poems of Bayard Taylor, Richard Henry Stoddard, and Edmund C. Stedman were graceful tributes to the memory of a beloved and venerated father of song. Mr. Bigelow's address, which fills several columns of the *Evening Post*, described Mr. Bryant as a man, a poet, a neighbor, and an associate. The entire proceedings and the tone that pervaded the assemblage attested the deep feeling of veneration and regard entertained for him who had for many years exercised over them the mild and delightful sway of president.

—Mr. Henry Irving, who is now looked upon as the first tragedian of England, has been offered $50,000 to play in New York for 100 nights. He has declined the offer for the present.

—It is said that Mr. Tennyson has reserved the noblest poem he has ever written to be published after his death. It is added that the poem is long, tragic, and in every way remarkable and beautiful.

—A gentleman who was formerly tutor to the Marquis of Lorne, and a frequent visitor to him since, describes him as a man of decided ability, and says that to all appearances his married life is as happy as falls to the average lot of mortals. As to the Princess Louise, he says that there is not a more industrious woman in England. Her name is ever prominent in good and charitable works. She is a most accomplished lady, a fine artist both in sculpture and painting, and one of the best judges of laces in England. Neither she nor Lorne eats the bread of idleness; indeed, the amount of work they go through with in a day would surprise a New York lady of fashion very considerably. The princess has been called dowdy in her dress, which simply means that she is sensible. She wears thick boots, and dresses according to the season and the dictates of health.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Later returns from the November elections show the following results: The next House of Representatives of the United States will consist of 134 Republicans, 148 Democrats, and 11 Greenbackers. Pennsylvania (official count) elected a Republican Governor by a plurality over the Democrats of 22,507; Minnesota (part official) Republican majority, 17,824; Kansas (thirty-one counties) Republican majority on vote for Governor, 8813, with 80 majority on joint ballot in the Legislature; Illinois Legislature Republican by 6 majority on joint ballot, and New Jersey Legislature 7 majority on joint ballot; New Hampshire (complete returns), Natt. Head (Republican) chosen Governor by 488 majority; Delaware (official), 7895 majority for the Democratic Governor; Arkansas elects 4 Democratic Congressmen.

The official returns of the September election in Maine and the October election in Iowa have been counted. The vote for Congressmen in Maine gave the Republicans a plurality in the State of 22,638. In Iowa the Republican majority for Secretary of State was 9965.

A disastrous fire occurred at Cape May, New Jersey, on the 10th inst. Several large hotels and a number of cottages and other buildings were burned. The total loss was about $300,000. The fire was evidently the work of an incendiary.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern Question: The British Foreign Office, on the 12th inst., announced that a note giving assurances of the Czar's desire to faithfully respect the Treaty of Berlin was handed to Lord Loftus on the 9th.—At a banquet given by the new Lord Mayor, on the 10th inst., Lord Beaconsfield, referring to the Treaty of Berlin, said that it shall be carried out in spirit and to the letter, and that, believing the Berlin settlement to be one that will advance progress and civilization and secure the maintenance of peace, the government would, if necessary, appeal with confidence to the people to support them in maintaining the treaty with all their energy and resources. Lord Beaconsfield denied that the state of affairs was one of danger, although from the important nature of the Berlin settlement—which was proceeding—it was necessarily serious.—Midhat Pasha has been appointed Governor-General of Syria.—The Porte has handed the Eastern Roumelian Commissioners a draft of a constitution for Eastern Roumelia. It embraces provisions for a partly elective Council-General, and popular elections for certain local officers.

The latest dispatches concerning the Afghan matter state that the English government has declined Russia's proffered mediation, and that the Russian mission at Cabool has not been withdrawn.—It is reported from Simla that the Russians, after constant fighting, reached the Upper Atreka Valley, and that 8000 men are now on the road to Baekh, thus opening up the Herat road.—Lord Northbrook, in a speech at Winchester, said that the rectification of the Indian frontier would probably be confined to a permanent occupation of Quettah.—A number of prominent Liberals, headed by Lord Lawrence, have formed a committee to agitate the immediate dissolution of Parliament, in order to enable the country to decide the Afghan dispute.

The total Prussian deficit for the fiscal year 1878–79 will be 78,000,000 marks ($19,500,000), of which 70,000,000 marks ($17,500,000) will be covered by a loan.

The French Budget Committee has reduced the estimated expenditures of the next budget 25,000,000 francs. The estimate for the army is 549,000,000 francs—an increase of 8,500,000 francs.

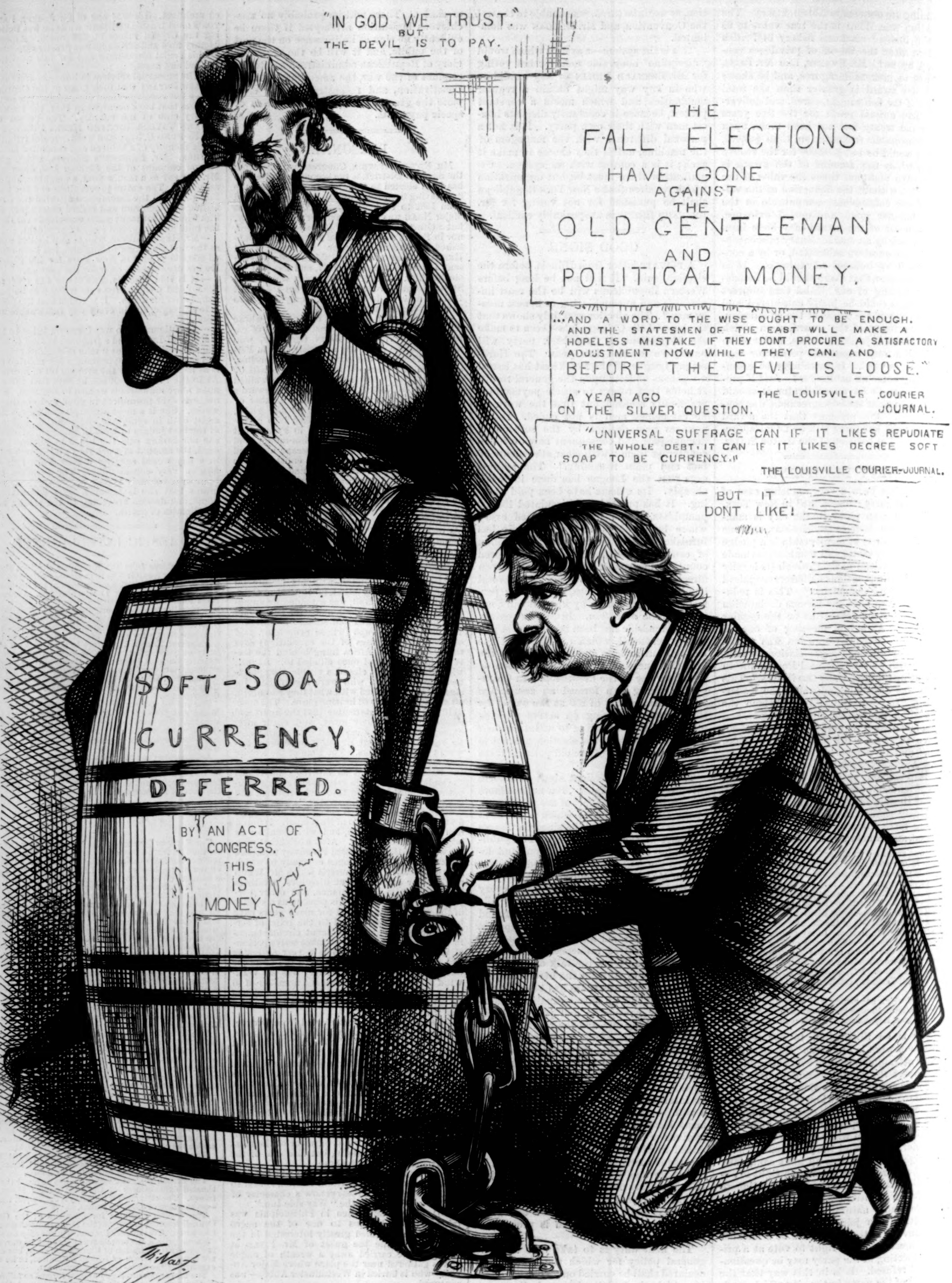
The Geneva elections for members of the Great Council resulted in favor of the Democratic-Conservative party. This insures the return of the dispossessed Catholic priests, the cessation of the religious war, and the eventual separation of Church and state, but does not insure the return of Bishop Mermillod, as he was expelled by the Swiss federal government.

The new Greek ministry has been formed as follows: M. Coumoundouros as President of the Council, Minister of the Interior, and temporarily Minister of Justice; M. Delyannis as Foreign Minister, and temporarily Minister of Finance; M. Braboulis as Minister of Marine, and temporarily Minister of War; and M. Angerinos as Minister of Education and Worship.

The Electoral Law passed the Spanish Chamber of Deputies on the 13th.

The British ship *Fifeshire* was lost on the passage from Madras to Liverpool, and twenty-two of her crew were drowned.

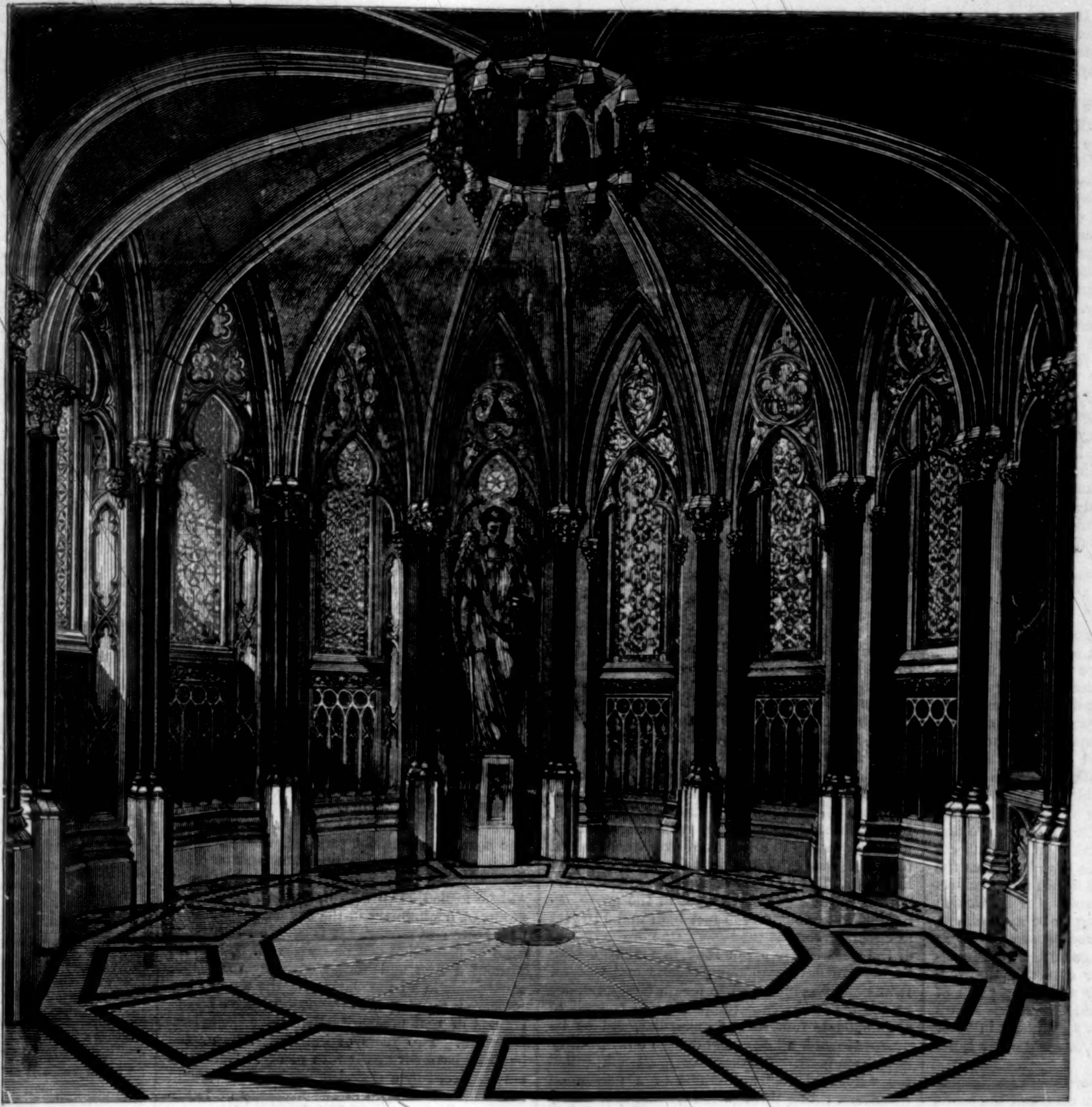
The Japanese court-martial which tried the participants in the recent mutiny have pronounced judgment. Fifty-three private soldiers of the infantry and artillery battalions were condemned to death, forty-eight to three years', seven to two years', and eighteen to one year's imprisonment in various parts of the country. Of lesser offenders twenty-three were sentenced to confinement, and one to be flogged. Three men only were acquitted. The sentences were carried out at once. The condemned men were shot in batches of fifteen on the morning following. The scene lasted four hours.



"IN GOD WE TRUST." BUT THE DEVIL IS TO PAY.
THE FALL ELECTIONS HAVE GONE AGAINST THE OLD GENTLEMAN AND POLITICAL MONEY.
"...AND A WORD TO THE WISE OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH. AND THE STATESMEN OF THE EAST WILL MAKE A HOPELESS MISTAKE IF THEY DON'T PROCURE A SATISFACTORY ADJUSTMENT NOW WHILE THEY CAN, AND BEFORE THE DEVIL IS LOOSE."
A YEAR AGO ON THE SILVER QUESTION.
THE LOUISVILLE COURIER JOURNAL.
"UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE CAN IF IT LIKES REPUDIATE THE WHOLE DEBT; IT CAN IF IT LIKES DECREE SOFT SOAP TO BE CURRENCY."
THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL.
— BUT IT DONT LIKE!
SOFT-SOAP CURRENCY, DEFERRED.
BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS. THIS IS MONEY
Th. Nast

CHAINED.

Henry Watterson (*the keeper*). "I am very sorry, but I can't let you go just yet."



CRYPT IN THE STEWART MEMORIAL CATHEDRAL, AT GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND.—[Henry G. Harrison, Architect.]

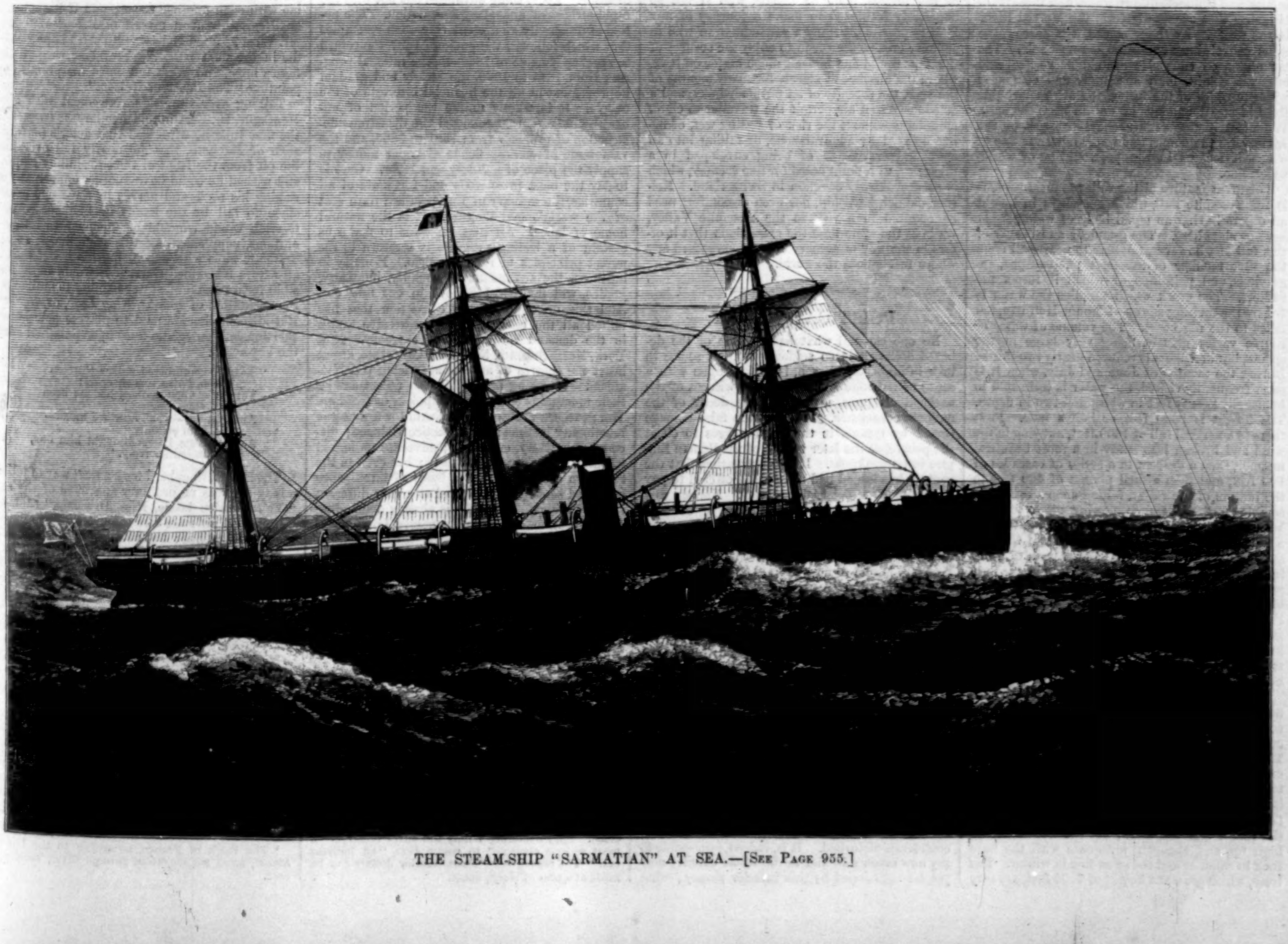
THE STEWART MAUSOLEUM.

The magnificent mausoleum constructed for the reception of the remains of the late **Alexander T. Stewart**, in the Memorial Cathedral at Garden City, Long Island, is a noble specimen of architectural skill. The crypt, or burial vault, is beneath the chancel, and within it the mausoleum is built. Stairways of massive granite slabs descend to the vault from entrances at the western extremity of the main structure. The cathedral is almost finished, and will be ready for the reception of the remains some time in the spring. It is one of the most beautiful examples of church architecture in America, and will doubtless attract many visitors. It is intended that the crypt shall be open to the public on all the feast days and solemn occasions of the Church.

Of the magnificence of the tomb intended to receive the remains of the dead millionaire an idea may be obtained from the engraving on this page, which shows the crypt in the centre of which the sarcophagus is to stand. The form of the cathedral, being what is known among architects as apsidal, has been followed in part in the construction of this apartment, but the walls of the crypt are continued around so as to resemble those of a temple. The shape of the structure is really that of a polygon having fourteen bays. Its interior diameter is twenty-three feet, and its height to the top of the dome ceiling nineteen feet. At each angle of the structure are to be clusters of Gothic columns, three detached shafts in each column, making in all forty-two shafts in fourteen clusters. These columns are to rest on moulded bases, and have floriated capitals enriched with natural foliage. The bases of the columns are of Vermont statuary marble, the cost of which is ten dollars per cubic foot. The shafts have been cut out of precious marbles, rich in color, and selected so as to harmonize and form agreeable contrasts with the general expression of the interior.

The bays of the mausoleum are all open, and nine of them serve the purpose of windows, from which a flood of light is obtained sufficient to make the fine workmanship of the decorations clearly visible. The heads of these windows, the jambs, the sills, and the wainscoting beneath, are all carved in the most elaborate manner, each design having some special ecclesiastical significance. The stained glass with which they will eventually be filled will be the most beautiful that can be manufactured. Altogether the effect of color in the crypt will exceed any thing of the kind known in this country. Instead of stone of a single hue, various countries of Europe have been called upon to furnish marbles of the richest and also of the most delicate tints. Of these, different varieties have been employed in the columns that support the dome, so that the cold white effect apparent in many tombs is in this case entirely done away with. Neither is there to be in the mausoleum any of that chill and dampness that is so inseparably connected in the imagination with a place of sepulture. Not only are there arrangements for warming the apartment by steam introduced through coils of pipe which are concealed at the base of two of the bays, but the floor is so constructed as to prevent the possibility of the slightest moisture rising to its surface. The Italian marble of which it is composed is not only two feet thick, but rests upon a layer of glass, below which is a foundation of concrete also two feet in thickness. The design of the floor is very beautiful, the contrast of various colored marbles obtaining here also.

No opportunity has been lost by the architect who designed the crypt for the introduction of elaborate and beautiful carved-work. Thus a line of wainscoting of very rich and elaborate tracery is carried around the walls to the height of seven feet, finishing on a line with the window-sills. This tracery is capped with a finely moulded cornice enriched with a line of carved leafage. Oak, cypress, myrtle, and chestnut leaves predominate, but many other varieties are introduced, and all are most exquisitely delineated. The domed ceiling is also very beautiful, both in design and execution. It rises gracefully from a line of richly ornamented capitals, but at a certain altitude the ribs intersect the curb of the false lantern or crown in the centre. Here are to be dis-



THE STEAM-SHIP "SARMATIAN" AT SEA.—[See Page 955.]

played the Stewart arms, the design being in metal inlaid upon the stone. In the wall and ceiling, only our own American marble is used, but it is of the finest quality, such as is usually reserved for sculptures.

A most prominent feature of the mausoleum, and one which is very carefully delineated in our engraving, is the statue of the Angel of the Tomb. This beautiful figure, seven feet and six inches in height, is carved from Italian statuary marble, and will occupy the centre bay facing west. The pedestal upon which it will stand is to be three feet high, and will also support an urn at the side of the statue. This urn represents a receptacle for the dead, over which the angel is keeping vigilant guard, the right hand holding a sword with which to repel sacrilege.

It is estimated that the crypt when complete will cost $80,000, but such calculations are, of course, only approximate. It is not to be occupied by the sarcophagus of Mr. Stewart alone, but also by those of his family. Externally these sarcophagi are to be ornamented with elaborate designs in bass-relief. They will stand in the centre of the apartment, and bear prone figures upon their upper faces. When complete, the effect of this magnificent mausoleum will be imposing to the last degree, and a tomb greater than that raised for kings and rulers of nations will have been erected in honor of an American merchant prince.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

California, the land of gold, is also the land of wonders in scenery and in natural productions. Formerly this most attractive portion of our continent was ignored by travellers from our Eastern cities on account of the great distance from home, and the fatigue and inconvenience of making a long journey across a comparatively unsettled country. Now the first and only difficulty of a trip to the Pacific is to get started. This accomplished, with the comfortable cars, good food, easy bed, and other luxuries of the Pullman palace car, the traveller of ordinary endurance and common-sense has only to take his ease and enjoy himself placidly from the time he leaves the Atlantic coast until he lands within the precincts of San Francisco. The attractions of the Golden State are, however, beginning to be appreciated, and many jolly parties of tourists, such as those seen in our engraving on page 952, are frequently found during the summer exploring the wonders of the Yosemite Valley and other parts of California, who in former years would have turned their backs upon their own continent in favor of Switzerland and the Alps, or some other European resort.

The Yosemite Valley, according to Californian geographers, is nearly in the centre of the State, north and south, and in the middle of the Sierra range, which is here seventy miles wide. It is nearly level, about five miles in length, one-half mile to a mile wide, and sunk to the depth of nearly a mile below the surrounding region. It is an irregular trough, with many projecting angles, not corresponding with recesses on the opposite side, which fact constitutes an argument against its being a geological fissure. At its eastern end it branches into three cañons—the Tenaya, Little Yosemite, and Illilonette, down which flow three main branches that eventually form the Merced River in the valley. At the west end it is narrow, the walls converging at a considerable angle. The mountains on each side are almost vertical and of great height, both absolutely and compared with the width of the valley, and are remarkable for the small amount of débris at their base. The most distinguishing characteristics of the scenery are the domes and water-falls, any one of which, if located in Europe, would be of world-wide fame.

The great feature of the valley to most persons is the Yosemite Fall, which surpasses in height all others having an equal body of water, either here or elsewhere. The grandeur and beauty of this fall are, however, familiar to nearly all from the vast number of excellent photographs, engravings, and paintings of which it forms the subject. The creek which supplies the water is fed by the melting snows of Mount Hoffman, ten miles to the northeast. The volume of water of course varies greatly, being very large in the spring, but in August is reduced nearly two-thirds. During the months of June and July, when it is most frequently visited, the water is estimated to be usually twenty feet in width and two in depth. The height is 2600 feet, or half a mile. First there is a vertical fall of 1600 feet, swaying in the wind and broken into spray in a most beautiful manner, then a descent in a series of cascades of 600 feet, and then a final plunge of 400 feet to the bottom of the valley, falling upon a rough assemblage of rocks, then flowing off to join the Merced River, being ignominiously made to turn a saw-mill on its way. Just opposite the fall stands "Sentinel Rock"—a slender peak of granite over 3000 feet high, of which the upper part stands like an obelisk or signal tower. It is one of the grandest masses of rock in the valley. From Sentinel Rock descends a small fall 400 feet higher than the Yosemite Fall, but reduced in July to a small thread unperceived by most travellers. In early spring, however, it is a most beautiful cascade.

The mountain scenery of the Yosemite is grand and picturesque, though it may disappoint in a certain measure those who look for the magnificent snow effects familiar to the Alpine traveller. There is much less snow and ice, and no glaciers extending into the valleys. But the rocks, even to the edge of the Yosemite, are grooved and polished, indicating the former existence of immense fields of ice. There are no grassy slopes between the forest and the snow, but the woods extend high up, and abruptly terminate with the bare rock in summer and the snow-line in winter. The trees, which grow at a height of 7000 feet, are very large, but sombre in color and monotonous in shape. Though there are many beautiful valleys along the streams, and magnificent water-falls, the character of the scenery is rather grand, sublime, and awful than beautiful and diversified. The heights are bewildering, the stillness oppressive, and the utter barrenness and isolation indescribable. One of the most striking features of the scenery is the concentric structure of the granite in the so-called "Domes" or "Royal Arches." These domes rise from three to five thousand feet above the valley, presenting toward it a sharp precipice of nearly the same height, and contrasting remarkably with the sharp peaks above and beyond them. Looking northeast up the Tenaya Cañon toward the left the eye rests upon the snow-covered Mount Hoffman, and almost under it the North Dome, 3568 feet above the valley, inaccessible from it, but easily ascended by a ridge which runs from the north. This magnificent dome is worthily supported by the Royal Arches, by the side of which man's proudest architectural monuments are utterly insignificant. On the right or south border of the cañon is the "Half Dome," with its stupendous vertical face of 3000 feet, then a steep slope of 2700 feet more, the top being absolutely inaccessible. Beyond is the "Cloud's Rest," 700 feet higher, but belonging rather to the higher Sierra than the Yosemite range. On the opposite side is Mount Watkins, named after the eminent photographer of the region. The "Sentinel Dome" is a most stupendous peak, 4150 feet high, but it is not visible from the valley.

The famous groves of "Big Trees" are found only between 36° and 38½° north latitude. Of the eight or nine groves the most famous are the Calaveras and Mariposa. The former, which is the most accessible, is about the size of Boston Common, and is situated in a depression of the valley, through which in summer runs a brook. There are over a hundred large trees, twenty of which are more than twenty-five feet in diameter at the base. The largest now standing, the "Mother of the Forest," is 320 feet high and 90 feet in circumference at the ground. The bark was removed up to a height of over one hundred feet, and was exhibited in this country and in England. The "Father of the Forest," prostrate on the ground, was the largest in the grove, estimated to have been 435 feet high and 110 feet in circumference at the base. One of the largest of the trees was felled in 1835, five men working twenty-five days with pump-augers and wedges. It was 300 feet high and 96 feet in circumference at the ground. The stump is large enough to accommodate four sets of quadrilles, and on its prostrate trunk a house and double bowling-alley have been built. Another prostrate trunk, called the "Burnt Tree," will admit of a person on horseback riding through the portion of it that is hollow—in at one knot-hole and out at the other.

The wonders of the Yosemite Valley baffle the imagination, but they are not so far distant but that many might visit them could they be induced to realize the ease with which the journey can be made, and the comfort awaiting them at the hotels in the valley. It does not require strong nerves, great determination, nor great physical endurance to make the trip to the Yosemite; and its magnificent scenery is really within the reach of the invalid, male or female, who is not so hopelessly feeble as to make a journey of any kind impossible. Many a valetudinarian who in summer crosses the ocean to enjoy the scenery of the Alps would find himself much better off here, where the absence of storms for many months of the year, the serenity of an unclouded sky, and a deliciously cool air permit the traveller to climb mountains without the risk of getting wet, of being delayed by an avalanche, of falling into an ice-bound crevice, or of being enveloped in a thick mist at a point noted for fine scenery, which is so provokingly common in Switzerland. Neither danger, hardship, nor even discomfort need be endured in a visit to the Yosemite Valley, while at the same time the attractions that it offers in the way of scenery are not surpassed any where throughout the world.

POLITICAL MONEY.

No one can tell what has become of the debased dollar, it is so seldom seen. It seems to lurk in ambush; if seen, is looked upon with a sense of patriotic shame. It is a witness of the national dishonor, a proof of the decay of the national conscience. It recalls the false coinage issued by tyrants in the Middle Ages to cheat the people, or the later tokens of the Roman Empire in its weakness. It is the first time that the country has issued bad money, has offered to pay its debts in a debased currency. Nobody any longer has faith in the new dollar, or believes that money can be manufactured by the state. The delusion has passed. The coin is rejected every where. It has disappeared from circulation, and is said to flow in and out of the government vaults with a singular regularity. No sooner is it paid out than it comes back again. It is an excellent example of what political money must always be—a symbol of fluctuation and fraud. The silver dollar is now worth about eighty-three cents; it was once worth ninety-two. If India adopts a gold currency, silver will sink again in value; the new dollar will be worth eighty cents, or perhaps less. It is no wonder, therefore, that no one is willing to keep it until it falls, and that it is soon paid back in duties to the government that issued it. The process is no doubt a costly one. Some one must lose largely by this peculiar traffic. The government must come into possession of a great mass of the debased coin, and hold it in terror over the heads of the commercial community. Business will be checked, confidence disturbed. It is, indeed, impossible to say how much mischief to the whole country may yet be occasioned by this inferior money; what wrong to the working-men, the farmers, all the industrious; what a shock to the credit of the nation.

Fortunately the recent elections have indicated what must be the fate of the debased money. It has every where been voted down. The great States one after another have shown their resolution to expel this pest of trade, this presage of misfortune. New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, even Ohio, the great Northwest, the Pacific coast, unite in demanding its suppression. They see the danger hanging over them; they feel the dishonor it has brought upon the nation. They know that with the enforcement of the existing law the prosperity of the country will receive a disastrous wound. And the inference is plain. The law means an unlimited issue of the inferior coin; it is restricted only in time. Every month the amount accumulates. Within a year, if unchecked, it must nearly expel all honest money from the country; within a few years we should have the nation flooded with it. We should be provided with a debased currency worse than that of Russia, a cumbrous money only fit to embarrass the country's trade. Then the European will once again take advantage of our necessities, and pay us in our own coin. He will exchange his good money for a large quantity of our bad, will charge a brokerage for the exchange, will pay the farmer in debased silver, and the lower our money sinks, the greater will be his profit. It would be well for every farmer and producer to examine this question with care, if he has not already done so, and study the dangers of debased money. The corn, the cotton, the produce, he raises are certain of a sale in Europe or at home. He can demand for them the best money; he can get all his payments in gold, or its equal in paper. If he has made a contract to sell a thousand bushels of wheat for a thousand dollars, he is entitled to receive his money in dollars that are of the same value in all the markets of the world. He does not want to be paid in political money that has no value beyond his own country, in dollars that in England, France, Germany, or even Italy would be worth only eighty-five or ninety cents. But the Silver Bill compels him to receive this inferior coin. He can not refuse to take it. And hence, as it accumulates in amount and becomes the common currency of the country, the farmer will be loaded down with it, and will lose all the profits of his industry in the exchange of his debased into real money. It is safe to say that no farm or plantation can be carried on with profit without a firm and honest currency that is of equal value in all the markets of the world.

There is opening upon the country one of those periods of real prosperity that have been long unknown. Two years of immense, unexampled harvests have covered it with plenty. The economy enforced by a period of disaster has taught many the advantages in the necessity of industry, frugality, content. The import of luxuries has been diminished; the manufacture of various articles once imported has begun. We make our own iron, steel; we even begin to export our manufactures to England. Our currency, not yet affected by the issue of debased silver, is almost the equal of gold. We sell for the best money, we buy at a small discount. Slowly every kind of internal traffic is improving. The railroads and canals show the steady growth of trade. Every thing advances, but not with the rapid strides of unhealthy speculation. The period of prosperity we are entering upon resembles that which followed the panic of 1837, the return to specie payments of 1840–45, the rational progress from 1845 to 1860, the steady and gradual improvement in all the financial interests of the people. It is wholly unlike the period of unhealthy inflation that followed the disastrous destruction of property from 1861 to 1865, and the vain issue of endless floods of paper money to supply the place of industry and labor. Ours is to-day the most prosperous and fortunate of all countries, the granary of Europe, the future seat of the world's manufacture. It is the natural home of labor. All that we want to make us certain of a lasting progress is a return to the purest principles of republicanism. Honesty in business, the sentiments of equality, humanity, justice, will flourish, I believe, in our new era. And this, no doubt, is the conviction that has united all the educated and progressive States in the demand for an honest currency. New York, Massachusetts, Nebraska, California, are at heart the centres of an ever-advancing republicanism. Wyoming or Washington reflect among their mountains the highest impulses of freedom. The Southern States may cultivate for a time the reactionary instinct; may practice violence; discourage industry, education; advocate unlimited inflation or a debased currency; but even in the Southern section there is a basis of intelligence and good sense that may lead to a very different state of things. Kentucky is already demanding free education. Eastern Tennessee is a citadel of self-protecting freedom.

Every where the people, wiser sometimes than their political leaders, have pronounced the doom of the debased currency; they see in the new dollar a symbol of dishonesty; they reject it with infinite scorn. The national conscience has been touched, and the industrial classes in the East and West join in demanding national integrity.[*] It is, indeed, singularly encouraging to all who have firm faith in republican progress to watch the steady rise of an honest opinion, the growth of the conviction that honest money is the only foundation of prosperous trade, that the extravagant delusions of the advocates of a debased currency are the offspring of clouded intellects or dishonest hopes. Among the hardy settlers in Washington, Dakota, Wyoming, soon to grow into populous communities and States, more liberal, more progressive than even their most recent neighbors; in the great Northwest, teeming with the food of millions; in the centres of trade; on the sea or the lakes—every where where the people have full liberty to speak, the verdict has been given against the issue of any but real money. It is the instinct of self-preservation, too. Europe is preparing to pour out its useless stores of silver upon us. It seems settled that India will have a gold currency. France has ceased to coin silver, is overloaded with it; and delegates from the Latin Convention are now discussing at Paris the proposed extension of their league limiting the coinage of silver for six years.[*] The Bank of France urges a longer term; it is loaded down with foreign and its own coin. The fluctuations in the value of the metal disturb the English and European markets; the excess of silver may easily be poured out upon us, or will so lower the value of the dollar as to make it still more unfit for the purposes of trade.

It is against every thing that savors of dishonesty that the people have recently risen with enthusiasm. There seems no doubt that each new election will be carried by the same impulse. The times are full of good omens. The costly despotism that has so long ruled New York has received a dangerous wound; it is probable that the metropolis of the country will never again be controlled by a corrupt, unscrupulous tyranny. Already its people are excited by the flush of new hopes, the prospect of a just and equal government. Could this fallen faction be forever destroyed, the country would be always safe. In all our politics a gentler, purer spirit is arising; humanity prevails, a manlier feeling in denouncing cruelty, intimidation, violence; a proper scorn of the wrong-doer. A few foreign editors may still palliate political barbarity; American feeling loathes it. Trade revives, industry is once more honored, remunerated. The contest on the question of debased money has tested the virtue of the people, and it has triumphed. The American people enter upon their new career of prosperity animated by a sense of integrity, of high aims, resolved in the future to guard the sources of freedom.

Eugene Lawrence.

COMPLIMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

When Dr. Parr, charmed by Erskine's tongue, declared he intended to write his epitaph, the great lawyer paid the vain scholar in his own coin by pronouncing the promise a temptation to commit suicide. Nothing came of this odd expression of mutual admiration, as happened in the case of a similar interchange of civilities between Nelson and Benjamin West, the painter. Just before the famous admiral left England for the last time, West sat next him at a dinner in his honor. Conversing with Sir William Hamilton, who sat on his other side, Nelson lamented his want of taste for art, but said there was one picture the power of which he felt, never passing a print-shop where "The Death of Wolfe" was exhibited without being stopped by it; and turning to the gratified hearer on his other hand, he asked why he had painted no more pictures like it. "Because, my lord," replied the artist, "there are no more subjects. But I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me with such another scene; and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it." "Will you, Mr. West?" cried Nelson. "Then I hope I shall die in the next battle." Trafalgar realized the hero's hope, and West redeemed his promise by painting "The Death of Nelson."

Talking over Garrick's retirement with Mrs. Montague, Dr. Beattie told her he was so excited the first time he witnessed that actor's performance of Macbeth, that he nearly fell over into the pit from the front of the two-shilling gallery, and wished he could have another opportunity of risking his neck and nerves in the same cause, since to fall by the hands of Shakspeare and Garrick would ennoble his memory to all generations, supplementing this compliment to his dramatic idols with expressing his belief that if all actors resembled Garrick it would be impossible for a person of any sensibility to outlive the representation of *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, or *Macbeth*. But all compliments paid to players pale before Ben Jonson's eulogistic lines upon Salathiel Pary, the boy-actor:

> "Years he numbered scarce thirteen
>   When Fates turned cruel;
> Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
>   The stage's jewel;
> And did act—what now we moan—
>   Old men so duly
> As sooth the Parcæ thought him one,
>   He played so truly."

The Ettrick Shepherd took a neat way of telling a lady she was no ordinary specimen of the sex, "Ye're a nice lassie, Miss Drysdale," said he. "Nearly all girls are like a bundle of pens cut by the same machine; but ye're not of the bundle."

Not contented with giving verbal demonstration of his admiration was the Shah of Persia, who, when an English lady of high degree pronounced his diamonds to be "so lovely," slapped her ladyship's fair shoulders, saying, "Not so lovely as what we have here." The Shah, however, might with advantage take a lesson in the art of complimenting from the Sultan of Zanzibar, who likened Queen Victoria to the mountain of loadstone which drew the nails out of the sides of passing ships, for even so did the hearts of Englishmen seem to be drawn on by a magnet to her Majesty. Or he might learn something from that Siamese ambassador who wrote: "One can not fail to be struck with the aspect of the august Queen of England, or fail to observe that she must be of pure descent from a race of goodly and warlike kings and rulers of the earth, in that her eyes, complexion, and, above all, her bearing, are those of a beautiful and majestic white elephant."

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[*] The action of the New York banks is at last decided. They denounce boldly the silver dollar as "a most serious obstacle" to resumption, "an indirect tax." The report says "these inferior dollars can be made at a cost of 88$\frac{14}{100}$ cents."

[*] The Bank of France, according to the London *Statist*, holds $60,000,000 of foreign silver, besides its own.

At his first meeting with Mrs. Somerville, La Place told her the world held only three women who understood him, namely, Caroline Herschel, herself, and a Mrs. Greig, of whom he had never been able to learn any thing. "I was Mrs. Greig," was the quiet response. "So then there are only two of you!" exclaimed the philosopher. It was a naïve compliment; but not one to stir the recipient's pulses; for, after all, the most pronounced blue-stocking would probably prefer exciting male admiration by physical rather than mental charms. Does not Mrs. Thrale say emphatically, "That a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person, is well known, and none of us will contradict the assertion." Had Lalande known as much, he would not, on finding himself placed between Madame Récamier and Madame De Staël, have discharged the double-barrelled compliment: "How happy am I to be thus placed between Beauty and Wit;" drawing upon himself De Staël's retort: "Yes, and without possessing either!"

Fishers for compliments are apt to make strange catches. A curate complaining to Dr. South that he had only been paid five pounds for preaching at Oxford, the doctor rubbed the sore by declaring he would not have preached such a sermon for fifty pounds. Julius Beer, playing to Rossini a funeral march he had composed in honor of his uncle Meyerbeer, was delighted by the maestro listening attentively and applauding when the performance came to an end; but his delight was somewhat damped at hearing his judge's "Very good, very good indeed!" supplemented with: "But it would have been better if it had been you who were dead, and the funeral march had been your uncle's."

"Will you please to insert this obituary notice?" wrote a country editor's correspondent. "I make bold to ask it, because I know the deceased had a great many friends who would be glad to hear of his death." Just as innocently did the negro propose "De Gubernor ob our State!—he come in wid much opposition; he go out wid none at all;" and the King of Portugal greet Landseer with: "Ah, Sir Edwin, I'm glad you have come; I am so fond of beasts!" There was more mischief in the *double-entendre* of the French dame who, upon a newly married friend exhibiting a monkey her husband had bought for her, exclaimed: "Dear little man, it's so like him!" And there was no misunderstanding Macready's reply to the actor's, "I had the honor of playing Iago to your Othello, at Bath, twelve months ago; don't you remember me, Sir?" "Remember you, Sir? I shall never forget you."

A clergyman visiting a sick man, as he was leaving, asked the invalid's wife if she went to any church, and was told that she and her husband went to the Barony Kirk. "Why didn't you send for you own minister, Dr. Macleod, then?" was his natural query. "Na, na, Sir, 'deed no," came the answer; "we wadna risk him; this is a dangerous case o' typhus." Dr. Thomson taking for his text, "Look not upon wine when it is red in the cup," enlarged upon the evil effects of drinking, upon the head, heart, and purse. As the congregation departed, two old cronies, given to taking more than a wee drap, talked over the sermon. "Did you hear yon, Johnnie?" quoth one. "Did I hear't? Wha didna hear't? I ne'er winked an e'e." "A-weel, an' what thought ye o't?" "Adeed, Davie, I think he has been a *lad* in his day, or he couldna ha' kenn'd so weel about it: he's been a sly hand, the minister!" Not but what English Churchmen hear odd things sometimes. Riding out near Leeds, the Archbishop of York came upon an urchin busily engaged collecting road dirt. Pulling up, he said, "Boy, I know your face; you were at the Leeds Ragged School, and obtained a prize for drawing?" "Ya, mon, I were," replied the boy. "I hope you keep up your studies in that art?" said the archbishop. "Ya, mon, I do. Look you yeere; that's a model of a church; them's the pews, and there's the vestry, and that's the poolpit." "Very clever indeed," said the archbishop; "but where's the parson?" "Oh, ay, mon, but it takes a deal of muck to make a pa'sen," said the unsophisticated youth. His Grace rode on.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Saturday,	30.—St. Andrew.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	1.—First Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	8.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	15.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Saturday,	21.—St. Thomas the Apostle.
Sunday,	22.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Wednesday,	25.—Christmas-day.
Thursday,	26.—St. Stephen the Martyr.
Friday,	27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Saturday,	28.—The Holy Innocents.
Sunday,	29.—First Sunday after Christmas.

In his letter of instructions to Cardinal Nina, Leo XIII. expresses the hope that the peoples, "when they recognize the Church as she really is, will freely return on all sides to her maternal bosom." What they will find should they do so is shown in the experience of Mr. George S. Ben Oliel, the pastor of a Protestant church at Alcoy, Spain. A woman, a member of his congregation, was dying, when a priest forced himself into the sick-room, "against the protests of the family," and administered extreme unction. After she had died her body was forcibly taken by the priest and a policeman, and buried in the Catholic cemetery. This Protestant minister was next summoned to court on the charge of impeding the free exercise of Catholic worship, condemned, fined £60 and costs, and sentenced to three years and eight months' imprisonment. On an appeal to a higher court the sentence was reversed, but Mr. Ben Oliel was sentenced to two months' imprisonment "for insult to the authorities." To prison he went September 28, and there he is now. He has written to England that he is in a noisome cell, with a dirty mat for a bed, with a scant supply of food, and little light or air. The true Church has a stony bosom, and can be murderously cruel when so inclined. The invitation to return to her will hardly be accepted—at least in America.

The Rev. Joseph Cook opened his series of lectures for this season in the Tremont Temple, of Boston, with the attendance of a large audience. The "prelude" of fifteen minutes discussed the political situation in Massachusetts; the topic of the lecture was announced to be "The Susceptibility of the United States to Socialistic and Communistic Disease." This will be a leading subject for several Mondays. The lecture was racy, and greatly relished by its hearers. The first week of December Mr. Cook will begin a series of lectures in Association Hall, New York.

The annual meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church Extension Society was held in Philadelphia November 8. The receipts for the year were: on General Account, $61,822; on Loan Fund Account, $27,148—making, with other sums, a total of $102,086. The disbursements for the year were: on General Account, $63,845; on Loan Fund Account, $34,567—making a total of $98,412 disbursed. During the year 172 churches have been aided by donations, 18 by loans, 32 by donations and loans. For the coming year appropriations were authorized to the amount of $137,000.

The Scotch Presbyterian ministers of Glasgow are "improving" by earnest discourses the recent disastrous bank failure in that city. They have a strong incentive thereto in the fact that many of them are sufferers. "Here and there, too," says the *Nonconformist*, "are congregations which have had their current funds locked up. And the Free Church is undergoing a special embarrassment in consequence of her having for this year been keeping with this bank the accounts of the Sustentation Fund. No less than £40,000 have thus been arrested."

The plan of confederation of Southern and Northern Churches grows visibly in favor through the South. Such a method of uniting Northern and Southern Methodism was proposed by a Southern Methodist over a year ago. Dr. Stuart Robinson has suggested a similar scheme for the union of Presbyterians. He would divide the Northern Presbyterian Church into three or four provinces, with Provincial Assemblies, and then would combine these with the Southern and the Canadian Church in one General Assembly. The Provincial Assemblies would be a judicial and the General Assembly an executive body. The Churches, North and South, will no doubt grow up to such plans of union in time.

It is estimated that 68,000 persons, up to September 30, attended the French, German, Spanish, and Italian evangelistic services in the Salle Évangélique of the Paris Exposition. As many as 7350 attended the Sunday meetings, held for the benefit of English-speaking worshippers. Altogether 82,200 persons have frequented this centre of Protestant reunion during four months.

Testimony to the beneficial working of the Irish Sunday Closing Act continues to come in. A correspondent writes to the London *Rock:* "The police never had an easier time of it than they had on that day. Not only were there no disturbances of any kind in any part of Ireland, but the people every where seemed disposed to acquiesce in the new order of things, and many in their secret hearts were thankful that the temptation to enter a public-house on Sunday was removed. I could quote columns of valuable testimony from every part of Ireland, which would have the effect of showing that the Sunday Closing Act has already proved of invaluable service."

Instructions have been sent to the "directors of the elementary schools in Rome" in relation to religious teaching, so that we can now know how the new orders are to be applied. Two days—Wednesday and Saturday—of each week are set apart for this purpose. The teachers are to give notice to parents of the fact, that parents who object may keep their children from school on those days. Wednesday is history day, and Saturday catechism day. "In teaching the catechism," says the order, "the school-masters and school-mistresses are to make their pupils learn it by rote, and to abstain from all comments and explanations." In the course of the daily lessons the verities of religion, "on which all civilized nations are agreed," must be inculcated. The Catholic papers claim that about four-fifths of the parents of the school-children have requested religious instruction. Some of the radical papers are charged with publishing the names of such parents, with a view of bringing them into contempt. Italy will have its own "school question," and the conflict over it promises to grow hotter every year.

Gambetta, it will be remembered, has demanded that French priests be made, as other Frenchmen, subject to military service. If he is correctly understood, he puts the demand on the ground that priests belong to a corporate body which is notoriously hostile to the republic, and should be taught in the military service of the state a better spirit. The remedy would be very harsh, though confessedly the evil is great. In Prussia this system is carried out with rigor. "On September 30," says a Catholic paper, "two priests and a deacon were released from military service at Münster, having served their time as one-year volunteers. Next day four priests had to join their regiments at the same place, in order to complete their term of military service."

The statistics of the Methodists of the United States and elsewhere have been made up for 1878 and given to the public. For the Methodist Episcopal Church, to July 1, they show 11,308 itinerant and 12,500 local preachers, and 1,688,783 members; for the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, 3439 travelling and 5684 local preachers, and 765,337 members. The total for all the Methodist Churches of the country which have an episcopal form of government is 21,184 itinerant and 25,157 local preachers, and 3,223,530 lay members. The non-episcopal Methodists of the United States number 173,469; the Methodists of Canada, 167,587; of Great Britain, 828,932; of Ireland, France, and Australia, 96,089. The total for all parts of the world is 104,175 travelling and local preachers, and 4,489,877 communicants.

All accounts concur in a high estimate of the vigor and practical good sense of M. Revellaud, the proposed editor of the Protestant religious daily about to be issued in Paris. He is a convert from the Roman Catholic faith, a barrister by profession, and has had experience as a journalist. He has a profound conviction that the great need of France is religious faith—in which he is right. France has a habit of swinging over from the Catholic faith to absolute unbelief. M. Revellaud believes that a resting-place for his countrymen may be found in Protestantism. A daily Protestant paper in Paris will be a bold experiment. As already stated in this column, the one proposed will be aggressively anti-clerical.

An international Presbyterian magazine will be issued the first of next year by Dr. Blaikie, of Edinburgh. This project is one of the fruits of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance.

Much surprise has been created by a statement in one of the most respected religious weeklies that the students in theological seminaries of our country show "irreverence, looseness of manner, lack of living earnestness" and devotion to a high ideal of Christian manhood. Inquiry made of professors of the Princeton, Union, Western, and New Brunswick seminaries has brought a denial of the charge, and the assertion of a growing improvement in the character of the young men in attendance. The charge was evidently made on insufficient grounds; it has, however, effected a good result in making clear a fact which should always be unquestionable. Free Churches can only live by the possession of a perfectly pure ministry; they can not carry a burden of corruption, as state Churches have managed to do.

The Conference on Foreign Chistian Missions was duly held, as announced, in London during the last week of October. About six hundred delegates attended, representing many of the leading American, English, and Continental societies. Among these were the Church, London, Baptist, Wesleyan, Primitive Methodist, Scotch Free Church, American Board, American Baptist, and American United Presbyterian. Sir William Muir presided, and made the opening address. Dr. Mullens, of the London Society, read a paper on "Increased Co-operation of Missionary Societies, with a View to undertake the wider Work opening to the Gospel." The second day was devoted to Africa. Papers were read on "Results of Emancipation, Social and Religious, and its probable Influence on Africa itself," and on "Discovery in Africa as bearing on the new Missions in the Centre of the Continent." Full representation was made, also, of the work of missions among the colored race in North America and the West Indies. The Rev. Dr. Clark, secretary of the American Board, gave an account of mission work in Turkey. He stated that "the last line of the last translation of the Bible into the languages spoken in the Turkish Empire was completed a week or two before the Congress met at Berlin." These papers showed a looking forward to far-reaching results fully equal to that displayed by the most capable statesmen.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Summer hotels have a singular fashion of burning up soon after the season is closed. With the coming of autumn there also comes a list of conflagrations, of which sea-side cottages and mountain hotels form a conspicuous part. In general these buildings, which are designed for summer pleasuring, are of highly inflammable materials; they are often left in the charge of careless persons; ill-minded incendiaries suppose them to be unprotected; and the high winds of autumn soon fan a small flame into a great fire. Cape May seems to be the greatest sufferer this year. A very disastrous fire occurred there on November 9, destroying wholly or in part many of the principal hotels and a large number of cottages. The fire is believed to have originated in the Ocean House, which had been unoccupied for some time. The burned district covers an area of about forty acres, bounded by Congress, Washington, and Ocean streets, with the beach on the south. Among the hotels destroyed were Congress Hall, Columbia House, Ocean House, Centre and Atlantic hotels. Cape May is the favorite watering-place of Philadelphia, being about eighty miles from that city. It is a town of about three thousand inhabitants, but this number is nearly doubled by transient summer visitors. This is the second disastrous conflagration with which it has been visited, a previous one occurring in August, 1869.

There are now about one hundred vacancies on the training ship *Minnesota*, which has just returned to the Brooklyn Navy-yard from a four months' cruise. The object of this training school is to educate boys to become healthy, reliable, intelligent seamen for the navy. It is not a reform school in any respect. Candidates for admission must be between sixteen and seventeen years of age, physically perfect, and able to read and write.

The *Japan Gazette*, published at Yokohama, is a well-conducted journal of about thirty pages. It will compare favorably with American and European newspapers, except in the quality of the paper upon which it is printed; and as the Japanese are progressive, all such defects will soon be remedied.

The boys and girls of America will find a treat in *The Story of Liberty*, a beautifully illustrated volume, by Charles Carleton Coffin, author of *The Boys of '76*. This work, published by Harper & Brothers, contains over four hundred fine illustrations, and the "story" is so entertaining as well as instructive that it can not fail to be one of the most attractive gift-books of the season. Young students in history especially will find this "story" as fascinating as a novel, and also most admirably adapted to be read in connection with the ordinary school text-books. And we fancy if they will take the trouble to read it aloud in the family during these long evenings, a circle of interested listeners, young and old, will gather around them.

On some of our large ocean steamers the old-fashioned settees in the cabin have been replaced by revolving chairs. This is an improvement which will be appreciated by travellers.

The new superintendent of the Howard Mission, in this city, is the Rev. Willard Parsons, who during the last summer managed the distribution of the *Evening Post's* fresh-air fund. Under his direction nearly eleven hundred children were taken into the country and kept a fortnight, and not an accident marred the summer's work.

The British ship *Fifeshire* has been totally lost on the passage from Madras to Liverpool. Twenty-two of the crew were drowned.

It is something solemnly sublime when, in the hour of sudden death, a poor laborer exhibits a spirit of utter self-forgetting love and a devotion to those dependent upon him. Not long ago a young man, a well-digger by occupation, was employed by a gentleman of Newark to dig a cesspool in the yard of his residence. When he had reached the depth of eighteen feet, and was preparing to lay the foundation-stones of the wall, the embankment suddenly gave way and buried him up to the shoulders. Every effort was made to rescue the unfortunate man, and success seemed near, when another great mass of earth caved in, and the rescuers scarcely escaped. When the poor well-digger saw the falling earth about to swallow him up, he knew his fate was sealed. But he made no frantic appeals for himself. He uttered, in beseeching tones, this earnest, unselfish cry: "Oh, Mr. Buerman" (his employer), "for God's sake, look out for my children!" No other word or sound, and in an instant he was completely buried by the earth. It was not possible to reach him for hours, and then, of course, he was dead. He left a wife and five children.

The grand lottery to be drawn in the Trocadéro Palace on November 20 and the days following is under the patronage of the French government. It was begun with one million tickets and five thousand prizes. Some time before the appointed time for the drawing there were six million tickets and one hundred and forty-five thousand prizes, and the number constantly increasing. Every body who had a franc to spare seemed eager to invest it in a ticket. The prizes include money, jewels, and specimens of almost every kind of article in the Exhibition.

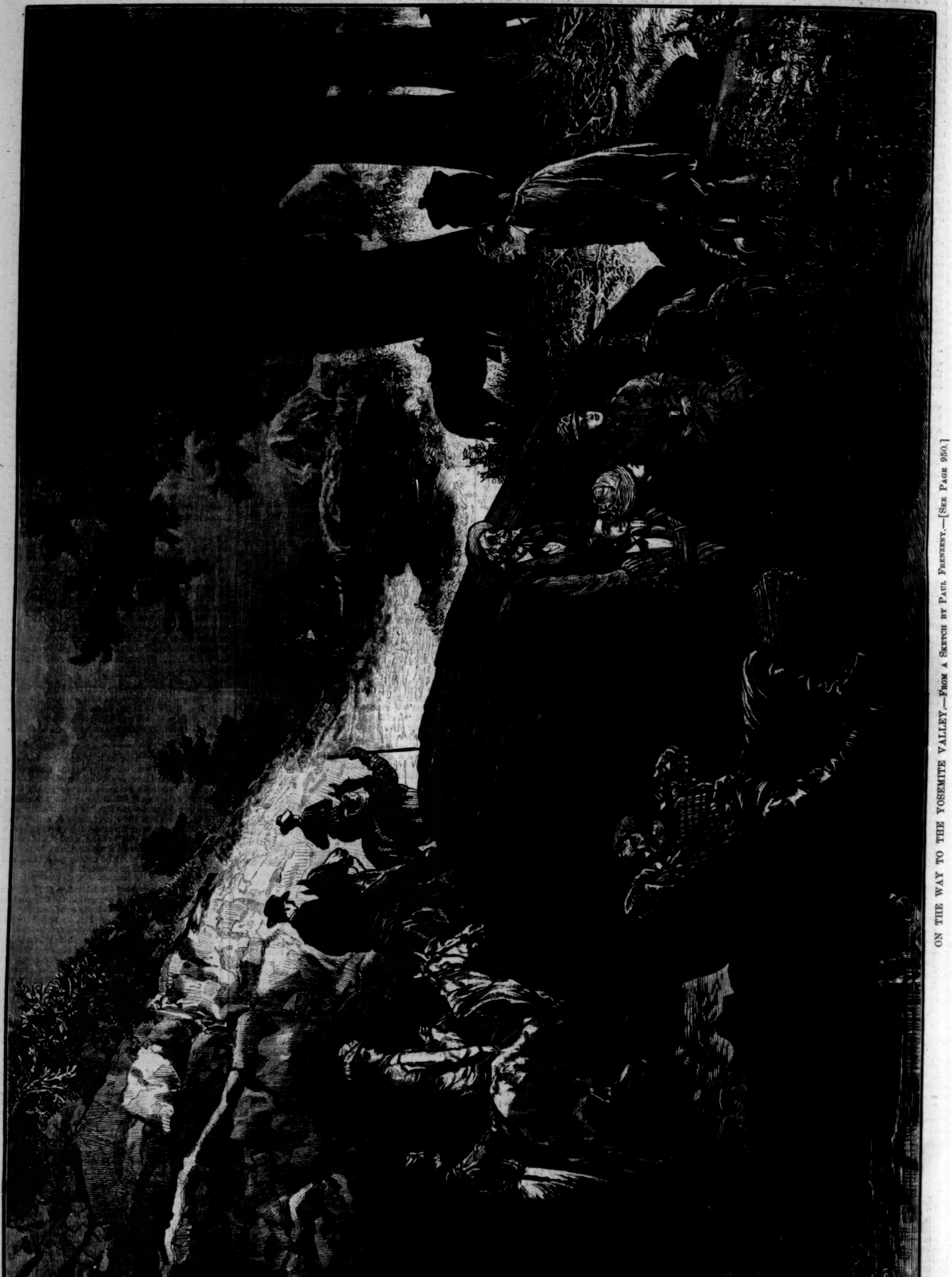
An appeal is made to those who believe that the Seventh Regiment has served the city, State, and nation faithfully, to make such donations as they can for the completion of the new armory. Subscriptions may be forwarded to either of the trustees of the fund, Robert Lenox Kennedy, Royal Phelps, and W. W. Astor, or to R. M. Weed, regimental treasurer, No. 184 Front Street, or to J. J. M'Laren, paymaster Veterans, No. 70 William Street, and checks should be made payable to "Seventh Regiment New Armory Fund." About $100,000 are required to complete the work, the money already subscribed and collected having been economically and judiciously expended in the construction of the building.

A Chinese child's magazine, published monthly, and comprising sixteen pages, has been started at Shanghai. It contains a variety of amusing and instructive matter, with well-executed illustrations, and the subscription is fifteen cents a year. So says a reliable exchange.

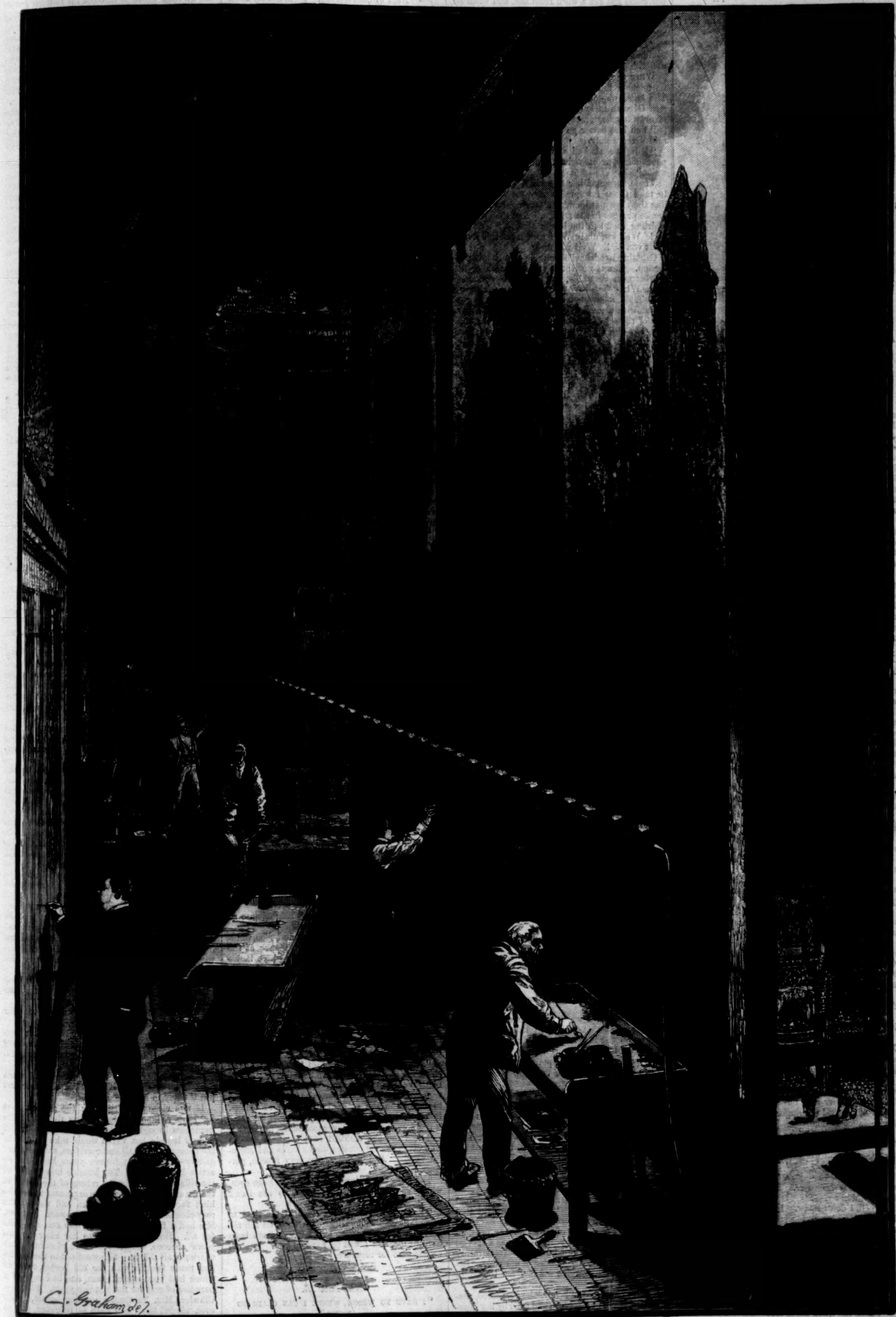
Many facts are coming to light showing that the materials used to produce many of the fashionable colors in articles of dress are highly poisonous. Stockings and gloves have been found impregnated with dangerous substances; the lining of hats has caused serious trouble, as also the linings of boots and shoes. In Troy, New York, the recent death of a child was attributed to the arsenic sucked from a veil thrown over its face. Dress goods of silk, woolen, and cotton reveal large quantities of arsenic. Certainly the use of dangerous dyes should be strictly prohibited, and some safe ones should be invented.

Shall we have pure tea? A delegation of New York and Baltimore merchants, engaged in the importation of pure teas from China, has lately consulted with the Chinese minister, Chin Lan Pin, in regard to the measures needful for preventing the exportation from China of artificially colored teas. The minister was of the opinion that the only way of stopping the artificial coloration of teas by Chinese producers was for the merchants to cease ordering them: so long as there was a market for this kind of tea, so long, the minister thought, would the producers in China continue to manufacture it. The producers of tea were governed in the matter solely by the demand from abroad. It would save them considerable expense to furnish the tea in its pure state, and they would prefer to abandon the practice of coloring by artificial means, but the remedy rested with consumers.

The history of the great Chinese Encyclopedia, which consists of over five thousand volumes, and which was recently purchased by the British Museum, is as follows: The Emperor Kang-he was a great admirer of ancient literature, and was deeply grieved to perceive that extensive corruptions were every where creeping into the texts that were reproduced. He therefore determined to gather together in one authoritative work the entire mass of Chinese literature from the earliest times until his own day. A learned commission was appointed to collate and verify all Chinese works, and the Jesuit missionaries were simultaneously employed in casting a vast amount of copper type. The collection and examination occupied the commission for forty years, and before it was fully completed the wise old monarch died, leaving the execution of his great design to Yung-Ching, his successor, who signalized his accession by dismissing the missionaries as a dangerous and traitorous set. He seems to have taken up the great literary scheme with keen interest, and it was his hand which wrote the preface to the work when it was at length published. The commissioness professed to have taken all works from about 1100 B.C. to 1700 A.D., and it is supposed that the whole Chinese literature of any importance between those dates is to be found embodied in these 5020 volumes. The subjects are classified under six headings, which embrace writings relating to the heavens, the earth, mankind, inanimate nature, philosophy, and political economy.



ON THE WAY TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.—From a Sketch by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 950.]


C. Graham del.

THEATRICAL SCENE-PAINTERS AT WORK.—Drawn by C. Graham.—[See Page 955.]

AT THE LAST.

Now, poor tired hands, be still,
Toil-stained through Death's white hue;
No need now for your skill,
No further task to do.
Folded across the breast,
Take calmest rest:
Dead hands no work shall soil—
'Tis living hands that toil.

Now, weary eyes, go sleep;
You shall see no more wrong,
Nor anxious watches keep
For Love that tarries long;
Shall shed no more sad tears
Through all the years.
Fold down your lids and sleep—
'Tis living eyes that weep.

Poor beating heart, now rest;
Sorrow or pain no more
Shall make thee sore distrest;
Thy restless care is o'er.
Go still sweet session keep
Of blissful sleep,
And no more throb and ache—
'Tis living hearts that break.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"IT SHALL BE MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

THE night of the ball came, and, in spite of her aversion for Captain Carmichael and general dislike of the whole thing, Violet Tempest began the evening by enjoying herself. She was young and energetic, and had an immense reserve of animal spirits after her two years of sadness and mourning. She danced with the partners her friends brought her—some of the most eligible men in the room—and was full of life and gayety; yet the festival seemed to her in some wise horrible all the time.

"If papa could know that we are dancing and smiling at each other, as if all life was made up of gladness, when he is lying in his cold grave!" thought Vixen, after joining hands with her mother in the ladies' chain.

The widow looked as if she had never known a care. She was conscious that Worth's *chef-d'œuvre* was not thrown away. She saw herself in the great mirrors which once reflected George and his lovely Fitzherbert in their days of gladness—which reflected the same George later, old, and sick, and weary.

"That French grande dame was right," thought Mrs. Tempest, "who said le noir est si flattant pour les blondes."

Black was flattering for Vixen's ruddy hair also. Though her indifferent eye rarely glanced at the mirrored walls, she had never looked lovelier. A tall, graceful figure, in billowy black tulle, wreathed with white chrysanthemums; a queen-like head, with a red-gold coronal; a throat like an ivory pillar, spanned with a broad black ribbon fastened with a diamond clasp; diamond stars in her ears, and a narrow belt of diamonds round each white arm.

"How many waltzes have you kept for me?" Captain Carmichael asked, presently, coming up to Vixen.

"I have not kept waltzes for any one," she answered, indifferently.

"But surely you were under a promise to keep some for me? I asked you a week ago."

"Did you? I am sure I never promised any thing of the kind."

"Here is only one little shabby waltz left," said the captain, looking at her programme. "May I put my name down for that?"

"If you like," answered Vixen, indifferently; and then, with the faintest suspicion of malice, added, "as mamma does not dance round dances."

She was standing up for the Lancers presently, and her partner had just led her to her place, when she saw that she had her mother and Captain Carmichael again for her *vis-à-vis*. She grew suddenly pale and turned away.

"Will you let me sit this out?" she said. "I feel awfully ill."

Her partner was full of concern, and carried her off at once to a cooler room.

"It is too bad!" she muttered to herself. "The Lancers! To go romping round with a lot of wild young men and women. It is as bad as the Queen in *Hamlet*."

This was the last dance before supper. She went in presently with her attentive partner, who had kept by her side devotedly while the lively scramble to good old English tunes was going on in the dancing-room.

"Are you better?" he asked, tenderly, fanning her with her big black fan, painted with pale gray Cupids and white chrysanthemums. "The room is abominably hot."

"Thanks. I'm quite well now. It was only a momentary faintness. But I rather hate the Lancers, don't you?"

"Well, I don't know. I think, sometimes, you know, with a nice partner, they're good fun. Only one can't help treading on the ladies' trains, and they wind themselves round one's legs like snakes. I've seen fellows come awful croppers, and the lady who has done it looks so sweetly unconcerned. But if one tears a lace flounce, you know, they look daggers. It's something too dreadful to feel one's self walking into Honiton at ten guineas a yard, and the more one tries to extricate one's self, the more harm one does."

Vixen's supper was the merest pretense. Her mother sat opposite her, with Captain Carmichael still in attendance. Vixen gave them one look, and then sat like an image of scorn. Her partner could not get a word from her, and when he offered her the fringed end of a cracker bonbon, she positively refused to have any thing to do with it.

"Please don't," she said. "It's too inane. I couldn't possibly pretend to be interested in the motto."

When she went back to the ball-room Captain Carmichael followed her and claimed his waltz. The band was just striking up the latest love-sick German melody, "Weit von dir!"—a strain of drawling tenderness.

"You had better go and secure your supper," said Vixen, coldly.

"I despise all ball suppers. This one most particularly, if it were to deprive me of my waltz."

Vixen shrugged her shoulders, and submitted to take those few preliminary steps which are like the strong swimmer's shiverings on the bank ere he plunges in the stream. And then she was whirling round to the legato strains, "Weit von dir! Weit von dir! Wo ist mein Leben's Lust? Weit von dir! Weit von dir!"

Captain Carmichael's waltzing was simple perfection. It was not the Liverpool Lurch or the Scarborough Scramble, the Bermondsey Bounce or the Whitechapel Woggle; it was waltzing pure and simple, unaffected, graceful; the waltzing of a man with a musical ear, and an athlete's mastery of the art of motion. Vixen hated the captain, but she enjoyed the waltz. They danced till the last bar died away in a tender diminuendo.

"You look pale," said the captain; "let us go into the garden." He brought her cloak and wrapped it round her, and she took his offered arm without a word. It was one of those rare nights in late October when the wind is not cold. There was hardly the flutter of a leaf in the Pavilion garden. The neighboring sea made the gentlest music—a melancholy ebb and flow of sound, like the murmuring of some great imprisoned spirit.

In the searching light of day, when its adjacent cab stands and commonesses are visible, and its gravelled walks are peopled with nurse-maids and small children, the Pavilion garden can hardly be called romantic. But by this tender moonlight, in this cool stillness of a placid autumn midnight, even the Pavilion garden had its air of romance and mystery. The various roofs and chimneys stood up against the sky, picturesque as a city of old time. And, after all, this part of Brighton has a peculiar charm which all the rest of Brighton lacks. It speaks of the past, it tells its story of the dead. They were not great or heroic, perhaps, those departed figures, whose ghosts haunt us in the red and yellow rooms, and in the stiff town garden; but they had their histories. They lived, and loved, and suffered; and, being dead so long, come back to us in the softened light of vanished days, and take hold of our fancy with their quaint garments and antique head-gear, their powder, and court swords, and diamond shoe-buckles, and little loves and little sorrows.

Vixen walked slowly along the shining gravel-path, with her black and gold mantle folded round her, looking altogether statuesque and unapproachable. They took one turn in absolute silence, and Captain Carmichael, who was not inclined to beat about the bush when he had something particular to say and a good opportunity for saying it, broke the spell.

This was perhaps the first time, in an acquaintance of more than six months, that he had ever found himself alone with Violet Tempest without hazard of immediate interruption.

"Miss Tempest," he began, with a firmness of tone that startled her, "I want to know why you are so unkind to me."

"I hardly know what you mean by unkindness. I hope I have never said any thing uncivil?"

"No; but you have let me see very plainly that you dislike me."

"I am sorry nature has given me an unpleasantly candid disposition."

Those keen gray eyes of the captain's were watching her intently. An angry look shot at her from under the straight dark brows—swift as an arrow.

"You admit, then, that you do not like me?" he said.

Vixen paused before replying. The position was embarrassing.

"I suppose if I were lady-like and proper I should protest that I like you immensely; that there is no one in the world, my mother excepted, whom I like better. But I never was particularly proper or polite, Captain Carmichael, and I must confess there are very few people I do like, and—"

"And I am not one of them," said the captain.

"You have finished my sentence for me."

"That is hard upon me—no, Violet, you can never know how hard. Why should you dislike me? You are the first woman who ever told me so" (flushing with an indignant recollection of all his victories). "I have done nothing to offend you. I have not been obtrusive. I have worshipped at a distance—but the Persian's homage of the sun is not more reverent—"

"Oh, pray don't talk about the Persians and the sun," cried Violet. "I am not worthy that you should be so concerned about my likes and dislikes. Please think of me as an untaught, inexperienced girl. Two years ago I was a spoiled child. You don't know how my dearest father spoiled me. It is no wonder I am rude. Remember this, and forgive me if I am too truthful."

"You are all that is lovely," he exclaimed, passionately, stung by her scorn and fired by her beauty, almost beside himself as they stood there in the magical moonlight, for once in his life forgetting to calculate every move on life's chess-board beforehand. "You are too lovely for me. From the very first, in Switzerland, when I was so happy— No, I will not tell you. I will not lay down my heart to be trampled under your feet."

"Don't," cried Vixen, transfixing him with the angry fire of her eyes, "for I'm afraid I should trample on it. I am not one of those gentle creatures who go out of their way to avoid treading on worms—or other reptiles."

"You are as cruel as you are lovely," he said; "and your cruelty is sweeter than another woman's kindness. Violet, I laugh at your dislike. Yes, such aversion as that is often the beginning of closest liking. I will not be disheartened. I will not be put off by your scornful candor. What if I were to tell you that you are the only woman I ever loved?"

"Pray do not. It would transform passive dislike into active hatred. I should be sorry for that, because"—looking at him deliberately with a slow scorn—"I think mamma likes you."

"She has honored me with her confidence, and I hope I shall not prove unworthy of the trust. I rarely fail to repay any benefit that is bestowed upon me."

"October nights are treacherous," said Vixen, drawing her cloak closer round her. "I think we had better go back to the ball-room."

She was shivering a little with agitated feeling, in spite of that mantle of scorn in which she had wrapped herself. This was the first man who had ever called her lovely, who had ever talked to her of love with manhood's strong passion.

The captain gave her his arm, and they went back to the light and heat of the yellow dragons and scarlet griffins. Another Lancer scramble was in full progress, to the old-fashioned jigging tunes, but Mrs. Tempest was sitting among the matrons in a corner by an open window.

"Are we ever going home any more, mamma?" inquired Vixen.

"My dear Violet, I have been waiting for you ever so long."

"Why should you leave so early?" exclaimed Captain Carmichael. "There are half a dozen more dances, and you are engaged for them all, I believe, Miss Tempest."

"Then I will show mercy to my partners by going away," said Violet. "Are all balls as long as this? We seem to have been here ages; I expect to find my hair gray to-morrow morning."

"I really think we had better go," said Mrs. Tempest, in her undecided way.

She was a person who never quite made up her mind about any thing, but balanced every question gently, letting somebody else turn the scale for her—her maid, her governess, her daughter; she was always trying to have her own way, but never quite knew what her own way was, and just managed things skillfully enough to prevent other people having theirs.

"If you are determined, I will see you to your carriage, and then the ball is over for me," said the captain, gallantly.

He offered Mrs. Tempest his arm, and they went out into the vestibule, where the captain left them for a few minutes while he went into the porch to hasten the arrival of the carriage.

"Where were you and Captain Carmichael all that time, Violet?" asked Mrs. Tempest.

"In the garden."

"How imprudent!"

"Indeed, dear mamma, it wasn't cold."

"But you were out there so long! What could you find to talk about all that time?"

"We were not talking all the time, only enjoying the cool air and the moonlight."

"Mrs. Tempest's carriage!" roared one of the door-keepers, as if it had been his doing that the carriage had appeared so quickly.

Captain Carmichael was ready to hand them to their brougham.

"Come and take a cup of tea to-morrow afternoon, and let us talk over the ball," said the widow.

"With infinite pleasure."

"Shall we drop you at your house?"

"A thousand thanks; no—my lodgings are so close, I'll walk home."

He went back for his overcoat, and then walked slowly away, without another glance at the crowded ball-room, or the corridors where ladies who were waiting for their carriages were contriving to improve the time by a good deal of quiet or noisy flirtation. His lodgings were on the Old Steine, close by. But he did not go home immediately. There are times in a man's life when four walls are too small to hold the bigness of his thoughts. Captain Carmichael paced the Marine Parade for half an hour or so before he went home.

"Va pour la mère," he said to himself, at the close of that half hour's meditations; "she is really very nice, and the position altogether advantageous—perhaps as much as one has the right to expect in the general decadence of things. But, good heavens! how lovely that girl is! She is the first woman who ever looked me in the face and told me she disliked me; the first woman who ever gave me contemptuous looks and scornful words. And yet, for that very reason, perhaps, I—"

The dark brows contracted over the keen eyes, which seemed closer than usual to the hawk nose.

"Look to yourself, my queen, in the time to come," he said, as he turned his back on the silvery sea and moonlight sky. "You have been hard to me, and I will be hard to you. It shall be measure for measure."

CHAPTER XI.

"I HAVE NO WRONG, WHERE I CAN CLAIM NO RIGHT."

GOING home again. That was hard to bear. It re-opened all the old wounds. Violet Tempest felt as if her heart must really break, as if this new grief were sharper than the old one, when the carriage drove in through the familiar gates, in the December dusk, and along the winding shrubberied road, and up to the Tudor porch, where the lion of the Tempests stood, *passant regardant*, with lifted paw and backward gaze, above the stone shield. The ruddy fire-light was shining across the wide doorway. The old hearth looked as cheerful as of old. And there stood the empty chair beside it. That had been Vixen's particular wish.

"Let nothing be disturbed, dear mamma," she had said ever so many times, when her mother was writing her orders to the housekeeper. "Beg them to keep every thing just as it was in papa's time."

"My dear, it will only make you grieve more."

"Yes; but I had rather grieve for him than forget him. I am more afraid of forgetting him than of grieving too much for him," said Vixen.

And now, as she stood on the hearth after her journey, wrapped in black furs, a little black fur toque crowning her ruddy gold hair, fancy filled the empty chair as she gazed at it. Yes, she could see her father sitting there in his hunting clothes, his whip across his knee.

The old pointer, the squire's favorite, came whining to her feet. How old he looked! Old and broken and infirm, as if from much sorrow.

"Poor Nip! poor Nip!" she said, patting him. "The joy of your life went with papa, didn't it?"

"It's all very sad," murmured Mrs. Tempest, loosening her wraps. "A sad, sad home-coming. And it seems only yesterday that I came here as a bride. Did I ever tell you about my travelling dress, Violet? It was a shot silk—they were fashionable then, you know—bronze and blue—the loveliest colors!"

"I can't imagine a shot silk being any thing but detestable," said Vixen, curtly. "Poor Nip! How faithful dogs are! The dear thing is actually crying!"

Tears were indeed running from the poor old eyes, as the pointer's head lay in Vixen's lap, as if memory, kindled by her image, brought back the past too keenly for that honest canine heart.

"It is very mournful," said Mrs. Tempest. "Pauline, let us have a cup of tea."

She sank into an arm-chair opposite the fire. Not the squire's old carved oak chair, with its tawny leather cushions; that must needs be sacred evermore—a memento of the dead, standing beside the hearth.

"I wonder if any one is alive that we knew here?" said Vixen, lying back in her low chair and idly caressing the dogs.

"My dear Violet, why should people be dead? We have only been away two years."

"No; but it seems so long. I hardly expect to see any of the old faces. He is not here"—with a sudden choking sob. "Why should all be left—except him?"

"The workings of Providence are full of mystery," sighed the widow. "Dear Edward! How handsome he looked that day he brought me home! And he was a noble-looking man to the last. Not more than two spoonfuls of pekoe, Pauline. You ought to know how I like it by this time."

This to the handmaiden, who was making tea at the gypsy table in front of the fire, the table at which Vixen and Rorie had drunk tea so merrily on that young man's birthday.

After tea they went the round of the house. How familiar, how dear, how strange, how sad, all things looked! The faithful servants had done their duty. Every thing was in its place. The last room they entered was the squire's study. Here were all his favorite books. The *Sporting Magazine*, from its commencement, in crimson morocco; *Nimrod* and *The Druid*; Assheton Smith's *Memoirs*; and many others of the same class; books on farming and farriery, on dogs and guns. Here were the squire's guns and whips—a motley collection, all neatly arranged by his own hands. The servants had done nothing but keep them free from dust. There, by the low and cozy fire-place, with its tiled hearth, stood the capacious crimson morocco chair in which the master of the Abbey House had been wont to sit when he held audiences with his kennel huntsman or gamekeeper, his farm bailiff or stud groom.

"Mamma, I should like you to lock the door of this room and keep the key, so that no one may ever come here," said Vixen.

"My dear, that is just the way to prolong your grief; but I will do it if you like."

"Do, dear mamma. Or, if you will let me keep the key, I will come in and dust the room every day. It would be a pleasure for me, a mournful one, perhaps, but still a pleasure."

Mrs. Tempest made no objection, and when they left the room Vixen locked the door and put the key in her pocket.

It was close to Christmas: the saddest time for such a home-coming, Vixen thought. The gardeners brought in their barrows of holly and fir and laurel; but Vixen would take no part in the decoration of hall and corridors, staircase and gallery—she who in former years had been so active in the labor. The humble inhabitants of the village rejoiced in the return of the family at the great house, and Vixen was pleased to see the kind faces again, the old men and women, the rosy-cheeked children and care-worn mothers. She had a friendly word for every one, and gifts for all. Home was sweet to her after her two years' absence, despite the cloud of sadness that overhung all things. She went out to the stables and made friends with the old horses, most of which had been out at grass, and had enjoyed a paradise of rest for the last two years. Slug and Crawler, Mrs. Tempest's carriage-horses, sleek, even-minded bays, had been at Brighton, and so had Vixen's beautiful thorough-bred, Arion, and a handsome brown for the groom; but all the rest had staid in Hampshire. Not one had been sold, though the stud was a wasteful and useless one for a widow and her daughter. There was Bullfinch, the hunter Squire Tempest had ridden in his last hour of life. Violet went into his box and caressed him, and fed him, and cried over him with bitterest tears. This home-coming brought back the old sorrow with overwhelming force. She ran out of the stables to hide her tears, and ran up to her own room, and abandoned herself to her grief, almost as utterly as she had done on those dark days when her father's corpse was lying in the house.

There was no friendly Miss M'Croke now to be fussy and anxious, and to interpose herself between Violet Tempest and her grief. Violet was supposed to be "finished," or, in other words, to know every thing under the sun which a young lady of good birth and ample fortune can be required to know. Every thing, in this case, consisted of a smattering of French, Italian, and German, a dubious recollection of the main facts in modern history, a few vague notions about astronomy, some foggy ideas upon the constitution of plants and flowers, sea-weeds and shells, rocks and hills, and a general indifference for all literature except poetry and novels.

Miss M'Croke, having done her duty conscientiously after her lights, had now gone to finish three other young ladies, the motherless daughters of an Anglo-Indian colonel, over whom she was to exercise maternal authority and guidance, in a tall, narrow house in Maida Vale. She had left Mrs. Tempest with all honors, and Violet had lavished gifts upon her at parting, feeling fonder of her governess in the last week of their association than at any other period of her tutelage. To-day in her sorrow it was a relief to Violet to find herself free from the futile consolations of friendship. She flung herself into the arm-chair by the fire and sobbed out her grief.

"Oh, kindest, dearest, best of fathers," she cried, "what is home without you!"

And then she remembered that awful day of the funeral when Roderick Vawdrey had sat with her beside this hearth, and had tried to comfort her, and she had heard his voice as a sound far away, a sound that had no meaning, and produced only a dull, stupefying effect upon her mind. That was the last time she had seen him.

"I don't suppose I thanked him for his pity or his kindness," she thought. "He must have gone away thinking me cold and ungrateful; but I was like a creature at the bottom of some dark, dismal pit. How could I feel thankful to some one looking down at me and talking to me from the free, happy world at the top?"

Her sobs ceased gradually, she dried her tears, and that unconscious pleasure in life which is a part of innocent youth came slowly back. She looked round the room in which so much of her childhood had been spent, a room full of her own fancies and caprices, a room whose prettiness had been bought with her own money, and was the work of her own hands.

In spite of home's sorrowful association she was glad to find herself at home. Mountains, and lakes, and sunny bays, and dark, pathless forests may be ever so good to see, but there is something sweet in our return to the familiar rooms of home; some pleasure in being shut snugly within four walls surrounded by one's own belongings.

The wood fire burned merrily, and sparkled on the many-colored pots and pans upon the panelled wall. Outside the deep-mullioned windows the winter blast was blowing, with occasional spurts of flying snow. Argus crept in presently and stretched himself at full length upon the fleecy white rug. Vixen lay back in her low chair, musing idly in the glow of the fire, and by-and-by the lips which had been convulsed with grief parted in a smile, the lovely brown eyes shone with happy memories.

She was thinking of her old playfellow and friend, Rorie.

"I wonder if he will come to-day?" she mused. "I think he will. He is sure to be at home for the hunting. Yes, he will come to-day. What will he be like, I wonder? Handsomer than he was two years ago? No, that could hardly be. He is quite a man now. Three-and-twenty: I must not laugh at him any more."

The thought of his coming thrilled her with a new joy. She seemed to have been living an artificial life in the two years of her absence, to have been changed in her very self by change of surroundings. It was almost as if the old Vixen had been sent into an enchanted sleep, while some other young lady, a model of propriety and good manners, went about the world in Vixen's shape. Her life had been made up, more or less, of trifles and foolishness, with a background of grand scenery. Tepid little friendships with agreeable fellow-travellers at Nice; tepid little friendships of the same order in Switzerland; well-dressed young people smiling at each other, and delighting in each other's company, and parting, probably forever, without a pang.

But now she had come back to the friends, the horses, the dogs, the rooms, the gardens, the fields, the forests, of youth, and was going to be the real Vixen again; the wild, thoughtless, high-spirited girl Squire Tempest and all the peasantry round about had loved.

"I have been ridiculously well-behaved," she said to herself, "quite a second edition of mamma. But now I am back in the forest my good manners may go hang. 'My foot's on my native heath, and my name is M'Gregor.'"

Somehow, in all her thoughts of home—after that burst of grief for her dead father—Roderick Vawdrey was the central figure. He filled the gap cruel death had made.

Would Rorie come soon to her? Would he be very glad to have her at home again? What would he think of her? Would he fancy her changed? For the worse? For the better?

"I wonder whether he would like my good manners or the original Vixen best?" she speculated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCENE-PAINTERS AT WORK.

OUR picture on page 953 gives our readers a glimpse of some of the business that goes on behind the scenes in all large theatres where attention is paid to the production of new and attractive effects. The landscape which occupies one side of the engraving is a scene in preparation for display upon the stage, and the manner in which the work is done is clearly indicated. The painting-room is behind the stage and near the top of the building, to allow the huge canvas to be raised or lowered for the convenience of the artist. The work is always done by gas-light, the burners being attached to a long tube adjustable to any height.

Stage scenery, now one of the chief attractions of the theatre, is of comparatively modern origin. So late as 1561 the French theatres had no painted scenery, and the actors remained on the stage during the entire performance; and even SHAKSPEARE had no other scenery than tapestry hangings and curtains. Movable scenery was first used in a public theatre in England by DAVENANT in 1662, although something of the kind had been arranged at Oxford by INIGO JONES as early as 1605, on the occasion of an entertainment given to JAMES I. In most stage scenery, as it is always to be viewed from some distance, the execution is bold and free, to produce the desired effect on the audience; but the work requires greater artistic knowledge and skill than most people suppose. Examined closely, the canvas exhibits blotches and splashes of color which at the proper distance assume form and harmony. But though it may be distance that lends enchantment to the view, no small amount of experience and skill is necessary to endow the drawing and coloring with the magic power of blending into an attractive imitation of reality.

THE STEAM-SHIP "SARMATIAN."

WE are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. H. & A. ALLAN, of Montreal, for a photograph of their steam-ship *Sarmatian*, in which the Marquis of Lorne and his royal consort sailed from Liverpool, November 14, on their way to Canada. The first intention was to send the party over in the iron-clad *Northampton*, and the entire ship was made in the highest degree comfortable and home-like; but the authorities finally thought it was too risky to send the royal party across the ocean on an untried iron-clad, these vessels having an unpleasant way of foundering. The Messrs. ALLAN were therefore negotiated with, and a passage secured for the entire party and suite, including baggage, for the payment of £2000. Besides, it was thought advisable to intrust the party to a captain experienced in the navigation of the Newfoundland and Nova Scotia coasts rather than to a captain of the Royal Navy.

The Liverpool correspondent of the New York *Herald*, under date of November 13, thus describes the preparations made for the accommodation of the Marquis and his suite: "The *Sarmatian* presents a fine appearance. Her thoroughly ship-shaped decks are clear, and her cabin is tastefully decorated with flowers. The most noticeable of the arrangements for the accommodation of the distinguished passengers is the introduction of THOMPSON's patent self-levelling berths, which are placed in double cabins for the Princess LOUISE and Lady MACNAMARA. The Marquis, however, being a tolerably good sailor, prefers the usual large state-room to the patent levelling berth. The contrivance has yet to pass the ordeal of the voyage, though the inventor, who is an American, is assured of its success. He claims that the pitching, rolling, and sinking action of the ship is counteracted completely. They look like ordinary beds placed in the centre of double cabins. The canopy of the Princess's berth is of green silk with silver ornaments, while that of Lady MACNAMARA's is red."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ONE of the most important of the recent bulletins of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, at Cambridge, is a work upon the *Terrestrial Air-breathing Mollusks of the United States and the adjacent Countries of North America*, by Mr. WILLIAM G. BINNEY, of Burlington, New Jersey. This is in part a bringing up to date of four previous volumes on the same subject, but is at the same time a complete revision of the entire subject, forming, indeed, a most convenient synopsis and hand-book of the *Helices* and their relatives. The illustrations of the previous publications on the subject by Dr. AMOS BINNEY, Mr. BINNEY's father, as well as his papers published by the Smithsonian Institution and other establishments, are for the most part reproduced in this compact work. The subject has been brought down to January, 1878.

Mr. E. C. BUXTON, who devoted considerable time to the study of the ornithology of the island of Sumatra, during which he collected many rare and interesting species, died not long since on the Niger during an exploring journey upon which he was engaged.

The Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club contains the usual amount of interesting matter. There are quite a number of monographs and descriptive papers, and many important facts in regard to the habits of the avian fauna are given. The continuation of the articles by Mr. WILLIAM BREWSTER upon the first plumage of the various species of North American birds carries the series from 78 to 98.

The necessity of perfect purity in drinking-water, and especially a freedom from any organic mixture, is now well recognized; and the prevalence of many diseases of the most virulent type has been traced directly to the introduction of foreign substances, through defective sewerage, etc. It is therefore of much importance to have at hand an easy test of the condition of water, especially as this is not always revealed to the taste or smell; indeed, in some cases exceptionally agreeable water has proved to be particularly objectionable. Our readers may therefore be glad to hear of a simple method by which the water may be tested. A pint of water is to be placed in a clear bottle perfectly clean, and a lump about the size of a pea of the purest and whitest loaf-sugar is to be dropped into it. The bottle is then to be laid on a sheet of paper, and exposed to the sun on a shelf or window of the room, and allowed to remain eight or ten days. If after a time the water becomes turbid, it shows that it contains foreign organic matter, probably resulting from sewerage infiltration. According to Professor FRANKLIN, who suggests the experiment, the coloration of the water results from the fungoid growths which are developed by the sugar, and from traces of phosphoric acid derived from the organic matter.

The decease, at the age of forty-six, of Professor F. W. BARDWELL, of the University of Kansas, and a prominent member of the Kansas Academy of Science, has recently taken place, to the regret of his former friends and associates. A native of Massachusetts, he was educated at Harvard, and for some time was employed on the *Nautical Almanac*, but afterward accepted a professorship at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Subsequently he received an appointment in the Naval Observatory at Washington, and a few years ago took the professorship of mathematics in the University of Kansas, and was subsequently made a professor of astronomy and engineering.

A new monthly geographical journal, to be published by Herr MUTZE, under the title of *Aus fernen Zonen*, has been started in Leipsic, with the Rev. G. KURZE as editor. It is intended more especially as a medium of communication between the members of the various religious missions sent abroad from Christian countries to foreign lands.

A new exploration of the vast districts between the Gulf of Carpentaria and the Indian Ocean, in the so-called Northern Territory of South Australia, is about being undertaken by Mr. ERNEST GILES, the well-known and successful traveller. The object is to carry some twenty to thirty thousand sheep and ten thousand cattle across the continent to the vast tracts of grass lands along or lying near the Indian Ocean in the Northern Territory. These animals will be divided among several parties, each under its proper head, and all controlled by Mr. GILES. The time occupied on the journey will be at least seven months.

The Bremen steamer *Neptune*, to which we have already referred as leaving for the river Obi, in Siberia, returned to Hammerfest on the 6th of September with a full cargo of Siberian wheat. This, in connection with the experiment made several years ago, will doubtless warrant the establishment of a regular traffic between Western Europe and Northern Siberia.

The authorities of the British Museum are about undertaking a thorough exploration of Mesopotamia, for which they have received the necessary firman. This will authorize excavations in Mosul, Bagdad, and the as yet untouched regions of Southern Babylonia. It is probable also that Northeast Syria, the old Hittite kingdom, will also be investigated.

The sixth part of the illustrated work of C. J. MAYNARD on the *Birds of Florida, and the Water and Game Birds of Eastern North America*, has just been published, and contains three quarto plates, one of them representing sixty-six species of eggs.

The predictions of geologists in regard to the occurrence of rock-salt in North Germany have been proved true by recent borings. A deposit beginning near Lüneburg passes beneath the Elbe and extends across the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg to the coast of the Baltic. The penetration of the deposit at one part of the field has extended to nearly five hundred feet, and is still being quarried.

A distinguished chemist and geologist has lately died at Milan in the person of Signor GIULIO CURIONI, who had attained his eighty-second year.

The triangulation of Algeria with the geodetic net-work of Europe is now being accomplished by Spain, Spanish officers being established on the Sierra Nevada and Mount Tetica, and the French near Nemours and Oran.

The expectation of finding gold in paying quantities in New Guinea appears to be unfounded, the party which sailed from Sydney in the *Colonist* in April last having met with but little success. Many hardships and a great amount of sickness were experienced, and the gold was in quantity scarcely greater than is to be found in almost any part of Australia. It is thought, however, that the valuable forest trees, such as sandal-wood and ebony, and the possibility of establishing spice plantations, as also the abundance of cinnamon, nutmegs, sago, and cocoanuts, will probably induce an emigration to that country.

We some time ago called the attention of our readers to the African expedition organized by the African Committee of the Royal Geographical Society, under the superintendence of Mr. KEITH JOHNSTON. It is now understood that the preparations are nearly completed, and that a party will leave England early in November. For a time research will be prosecuted along the coast region near Zanzibar, after which the expedition will proceed to the north end of Lake Nyassa, and thence to Tanganyika.

The expedition for African exploration already announced as under Herr ROHLFS will also start in October or November, with Dr. STECKER as companion and zoologist. The first work of the party will be an investigation of the fauna of Tripoli, which is supposed to differ widely from that of Tunis and Egypt. Kufrat will be the next objective point, after which Wadai will be visited. Herr ROHLFS proposes to trace the rivers Shari and Benue to their sources, and then to explore the region between them and the rivers Ogowe and Congo.

The French African expedition under SOLEILLET left Bakel, on the Senegal, on the 8th of June, reaching Kuniakoro on the 23d of the month. At last advices he was starting for Sego, on the Niger. After wintering in that town he expects the following spring to descend the river as far as Timbuctoo.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"DOVEY," he said, "I think I was telling you, after I came home last night, about the necessity of some retrenchment in our expenditures, was I not?" "Well, really, I've forgotten, John," she answered, nonchalantly; "turn on the phonograph and see." He turned it on, and all it said was, "Whazzer mazzer—(hic)—mazzer? Whazzer mazzer?"

The clothes-line with its whited freight
Swayed gently to and fro:
"How apt," said he, "the poet's line,
This world's a sheeting flow."

BEST THING TO DO WHEN YOU GO SHOPPING WITH LADIES—Take notes.

If criminals are to be believed, none of them ever had an honest conviction.

"All the world's a stage," but the fare does not suit every body.

"Happy to meat you," said a polite butcher.

"I'll take another yard of that binding, if you please," said a woman to a counter-jumper. "Beg pardon," said the clerk, "but I understood you five yards." "That's right," replied the customer, "but another yard will make it more binding."

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest yell of duty.

"Dipped into a weak solution of accomplishments," is the term now applied to those of our girls professing to be so highly educated.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there any thing you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "good-evening," if it would be agreeable to the company. But they wouldn't let him.

Indians never kiss each other, and, having seen a few Indians, we can't blame them.

An old lady being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined, on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it herself.

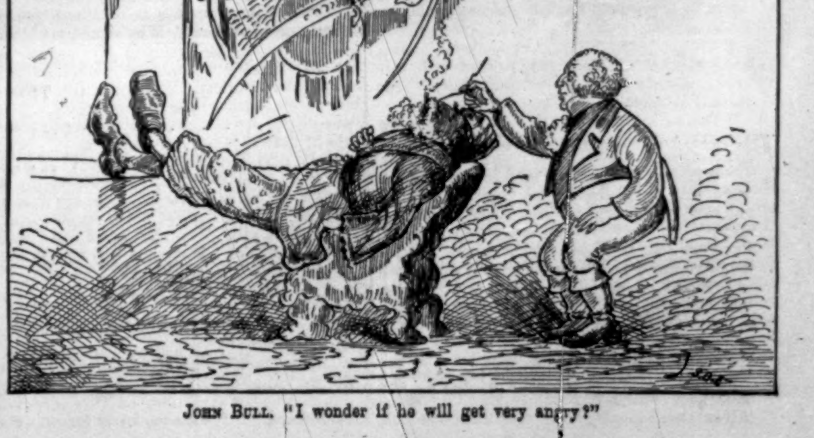
"Forget thee?" wrote a young man to his girl—"forget thee? When the earth forgets to revolve; when the stars forget to shine; when the rain forgets to fall; when the flowers forget to bloom—then, and not till then, will I forget thee." Three months later he was going to see another girl with a wart on her nose, and $40,000 in the bank.

2 lovers sat beneath the shade,
And 1 un2 the other said:
"How 14-8 that you be9
Hast smiled upon this suit of mine!
If 5 a heart, it palps 4 you—
Thy voice is mu6 melody—
'Tis 7 to be thy loved 1, 2—
Say 0y nymph, wilt marry me?"
Then lisped she softly, "Why, 13ly!"

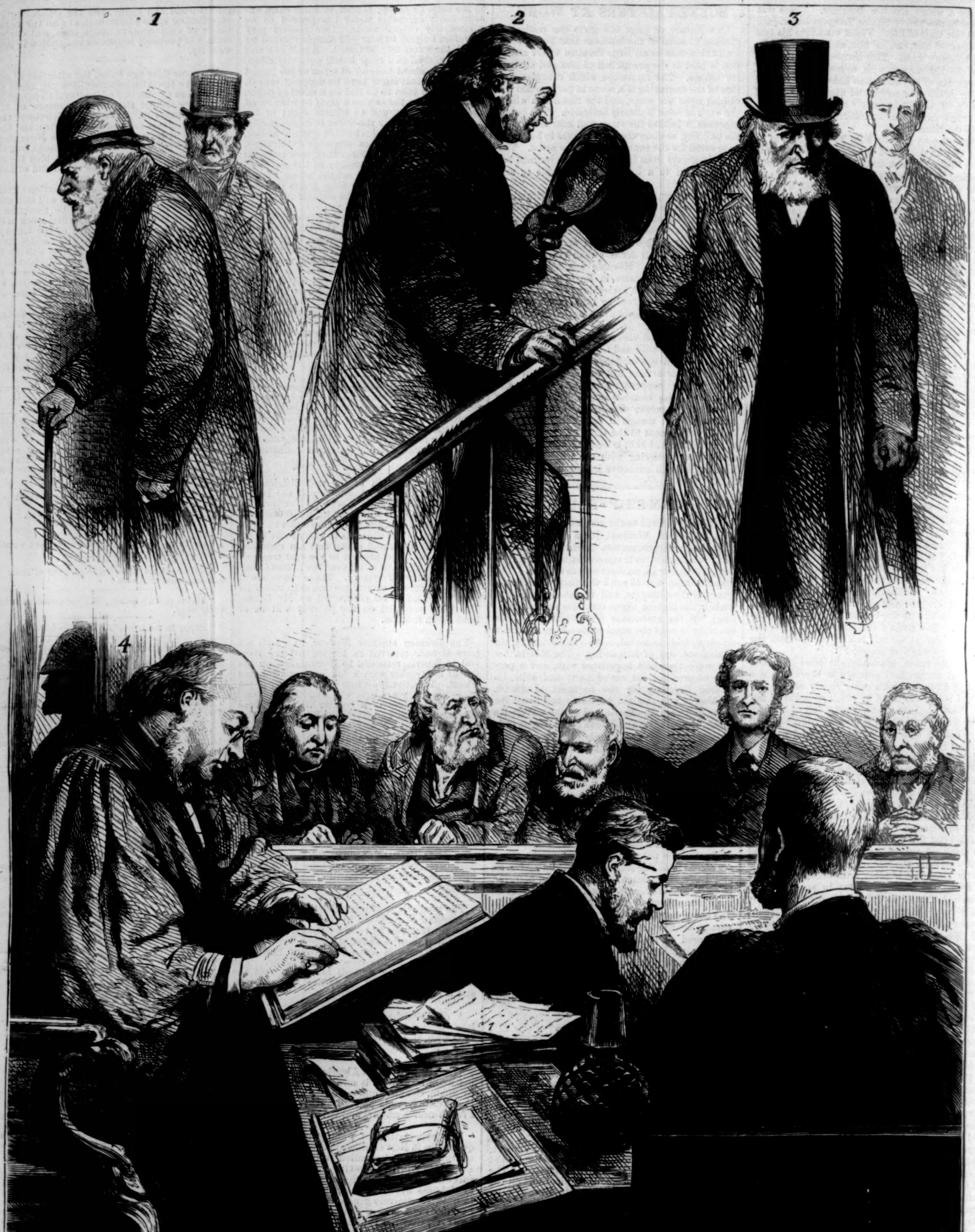
"How even that lawn looks, my dear!" said she to her husband, as they were taking a suburban stroll. "Even!" he exclaimed, "I'm disposed to think it's sod."

"What is the annual crop of Kentucky?" asked a foreign tourist of a Kentuckian. "I can't exactly say," replied the Kentuckian; "but it is enough to make all the whiskey I want, besides what is wasted for bread."

Two friends, a doctor and a literary man, went last week into a surgical instrument maker's. The shop was full of wooden legs, for which an extensive order had arrived from Russia. "Eloquent speeches in favor of war!" remarked the doctor. "Nay," replied the *littérateur*, "rather call them stump orations!"



JOHN BULL. "I wonder if he will get very angry?"



1. One of the Directors on the way to make his Declaration before the Sheriff. 2. The Manager after the Declaration. 3. One of the Directors being brought before the Sheriff. 4. The Directors before the Magistrate.

THE FAILURE OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK.

THE GLASGOW BANK FAILURE.

Our readers are already familiar with the lamentable story of the great bank failure in Glasgow, which carried ruin to thousands of homes. An official examination into the affairs of the bank having shown the existence of great frauds in the management, an order was promptly issued for the arrest of the guilty parties, and the directors, manager, and secretary were soon in custody. The charge against them was fraud, by having on various occasions, between 1873 and 1878, falsely and fraudulently kept the books of the City of Glasgow Bank, and represented large sums of money as assets of the said bank which were not truly due, but were false and fictitious, and by having falsely and fraudulently understated the liabilities of the bank, and by preparing false balance-sheets and submitting the same to the share-holders, thereby concealing from them and the public the true state of the liabilities of the bank.

Our sketches depict scenes in and around the Central Police Court of Glasgow, where the prisoners were examined. No. 1 is a portrait of Mr. Salmon, one of the directors; No. 2, that of Mr. Stronach, the manager of the bank; No. 3, that of Mr. Potter, another director; while the remaining sketch shows the interior of the Central Police Court, Glasgow, on the occasion of the second examination before the magistrate, when, on the application of the Procurator-Fiscal, the prisoners were remitted to the sheriff of Lanarkshire. All of the accused stood well in the community, and the discovery of their crime was a surprise and shock.

INGENUITY REWARDED.

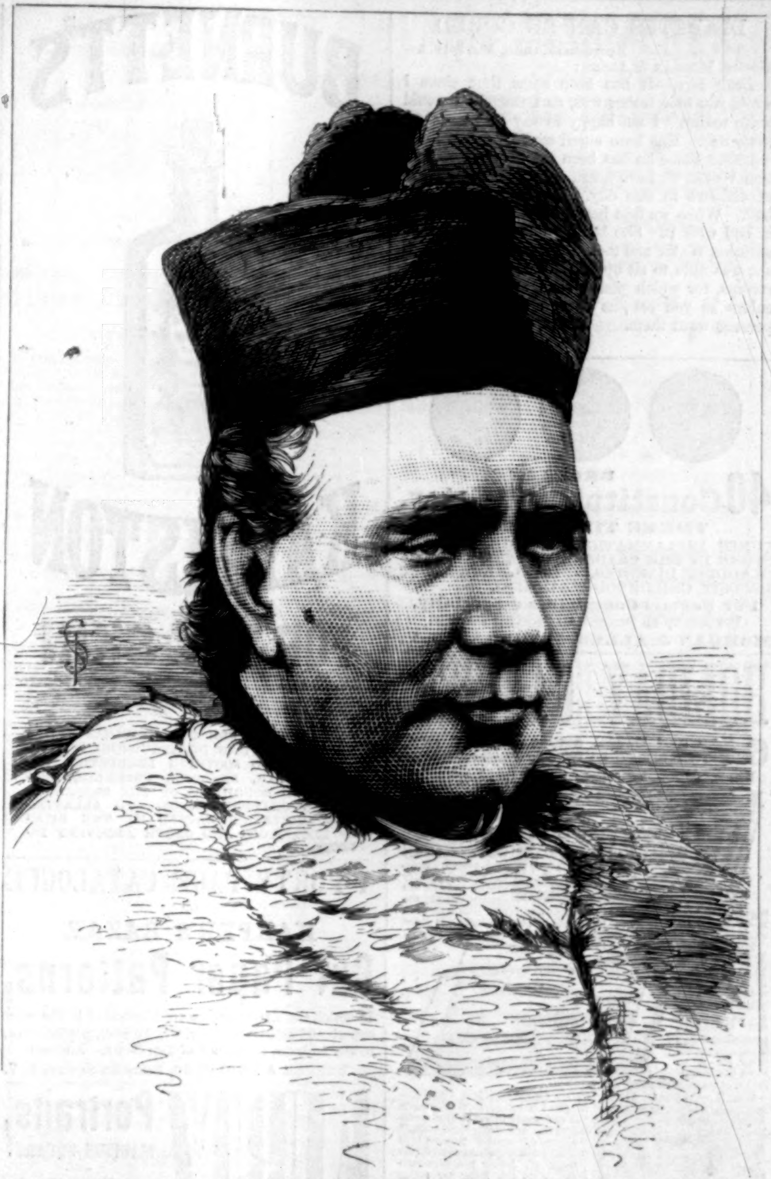
One likes to hear of instances of ingenuity in which by a simple contrivance great loss of property is averted. We have lately heard of two such instances, so amusing in their way as to be worth mentioning to our readers. The first refers to a device for checking the destructive ravages of locusts. The island of Cyprus, lately acquired by the British government, appears to suffer greatly from these insects, which, after hovering like clouds in the air, settle down with destructive energy, and the finest crops are speedily laid waste. M. Mattei, a landed proprietor residing at Larnica, contrived to effectually baffle the hosts of locusts in this ingenious manner:

He observed that locusts are not able to creep up a smooth surface, nor to keep themselves suspended in the air for any considerable distance, and upon these two facts he based his plan for exterminating them. He excavated ditches at right angles to the direction of their flight, behind which he placed low screens of oil-cloth, linen, or wood. The locusts, unable to creep up these screens, fell back into the ditch, where they were immediately collected in sacks or baskets, to be buried or covered over with earth. Those among them which managed to fly over the first screen were intercepted by a second or a third. These screens, having proved a perfect success at Larnica, were subsequently introduced into other parts of the island, and an end was then put to the fearful ravages of these insects. The simplicity of this device will perhaps be appreciated in our Western States, which occasionally suffer from the plague of locusts.

The other instance of ingenuity consists in a plan for saving vine plants from the ravages of the phylloxera—an insect whose visitations are the terror of vine-growers in the south of France. The proprietor of a vineyard at Ivigany, in the Department of the Rhone bethought himself of introducing strawberry plants between the rows of vines. The strawberry plants selected were of a kind which produced large berries, because these berries either engender or attract an insect that takes a pleasure in seeking out, pursuing, and devouring the phylloxera. It was like setting one pest to destroy another. The plan was amazingly successful. The strawberry insect sought out and killed the vine insect on so sweeping a scale that very soon not a phylloxera was left, and the vines were left in peace to grow their grapes in perfection. This ingenious device has been followed by other vine-growers with equal success, and we are told that their vines have been perfectly healthy since the strawberry plants were introduced among them. A vine-grower in Madeira has announced that he averts any damage from the phylloxera by the simple means of cleaning the roots of the vines as far as it is safe to uncover them, and then applying a mixture of Canada balsam and turpentine.

CARDINAL CULLEN.

HIS Eminence PAUL, Cardinal CULLEN, D.D., Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland, and Apostolic Delegate, died on the 24th of October, at his residence, Eccles Street, Dublin, in his seventy-sixth year. He was born April 29, 1803, in the parish of Ballytore, in the county of Kildare, and received his first education at SHACKLETON's famous school in that town, where, it may be mentioned, the great EDMUND BURKE had been a pupil. He belonged to a family of the middle class, long settled in the counties of Kildare and Meath, and still resident there as opulent graziers. The CULLENS are an old Celtic family, and the name PAUL occurs among them more than a century since. Passing through the ecclesiastical college of Carlow, he completed his studies in the Irish College at Rome. In theology he achieved eminent success, and won many honors. Subsequently admitted to the priesthood, he became rector of the Irish College at Rome, and also held for a time the rectorship of the Propaganda. In 1849 he was selected by the Pope to fill the vacancy in the Archbishopric of Armagh caused by the death of Dr. CROLLY, although he was not one of the three whose names were submitted by Ireland to the Vatican; and in 1852 he was appointed Archbishop of Dublin, in succession to Dr. MURRAY. Finally, in 1866, he was created a Prince of the Church as Cardinal, and took for his title that of St. PETER in Montorio, the burial-place of the exiled Irish earls, TYRCONNEL and TYRONE.



THE LATE CARDINAL PAUL CULLEN, ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Dr. CULLEN was not distinguished either as a preacher or a writer; but, as a theologian, and as the fervent, unflinching asserter of Catholicity and of his Church's rights and dignity, he was one of the most prominent figures of his time. Churches, hospitals, convents, orphanages, and asylums, besides the Diocesan College of Clonliffe, of which he was always so proud, the Catholic University, and the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, are memorials of his energy, piety, and zeal. He felt the deepest interest in the question of Irish education, and cordially approved of the measure with reference to it now about to be brought into operation. Despite of popular clamor, and at the risk of personal odium, he rendered the British government infinite service in extinguishing the flames of insurrection during the Fenian excitement, when his great influence was thrown heartily into the scale of constitutional authority. He was at the same time a stanch advocate for every measure likely to decrease intemperance in Ireland.

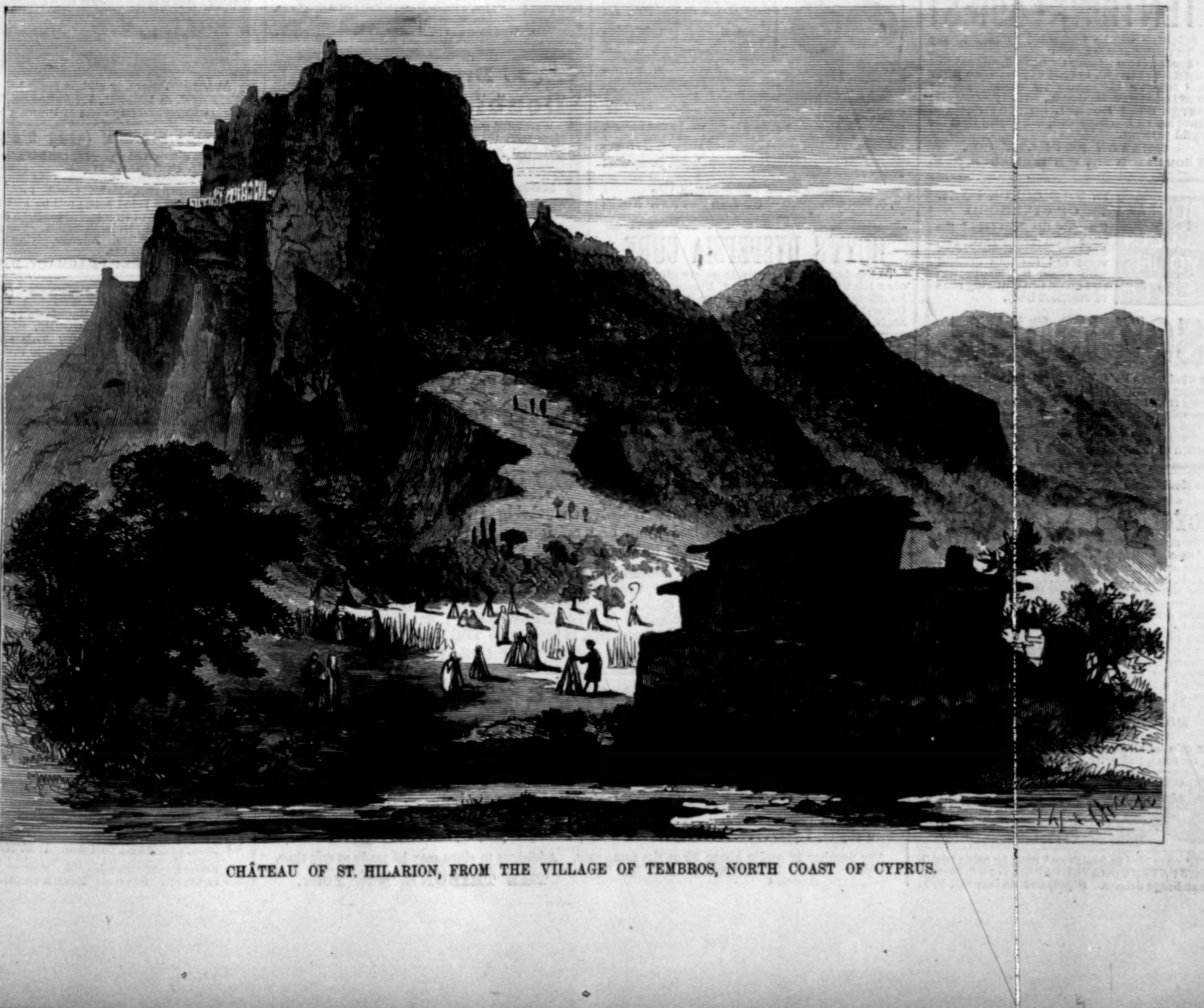
CHÂTEAU OF ST. HILARION.

THE island of Cyprus abounds in picturesque scenes like the one depicted in our sketch on this page, and when English rule shall have made travel safe and comfortable, its mountains and plains will doubtless become favorite resorts for tourists. By far the best account of the island, its history, antiquities, and present condition, is to be found in the interesting volume in which General DI CESNOLA, for many years American consul there, narrates the story of his researches and discoveries amid the ruins of its ancient cities.

USES OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

ONE immense advantage that the electric light possesses over ordinary lights, such as gas or candles, is that it is independent of oxygen as a sustaining power. It burns as brightly and as long in a vacuum as in the open air. This has been taken advantage of in illuminating the depths of the sea. Electric lamps have been devised that burn steadily under water, and it is one of these improved lamps, regulating itself according to the strength of the current employed, that was used by divers in examining the sunken hull of the ill-fated *Eurydice*. When the current is too powerful, the carbon points recede; and when weak, they approach each other, thereby keeping up a light of equal intensity; and the lamp will burn in any position. It is inclosed in a strong case, with a lens opposite the carbon points, and a smaller one of color to examine the light before sending under water. This casing, called the lantern, is perfectly water-tight when closed, and is connected to the battery by means of a double cable of two insulated wires, the cable being made of India rubber, and the two united by a tape covering. Fifty Bunsen elements placed in boxes of tin compose the battery, which is handier for moving about. The electric lamp, we are told, will burn for an hour in the open air; but in the lantern it will burn for twice that period, as the combustion of the carbon points is not so rapid as in the open air.

But if electricity lends its aid in the raising of ships, it also contributes to their destruction, through the ignition of torpedoes by electric wires. It is at once the bane and antidote, so to speak, in this species of warfare, since our iron-clads are now fitted with electric lights and reflecting apparatus likely to be of good service in protecting



CHÂTEAU OF ST. HILARION, FROM THE VILLAGE OF TEMBROS, NORTH COAST OF CYPRUS.

them from night attacks by torpedo boats. The electric lights provided on Admiral Hornby's ships are described as appearing as bright as a star of the first magnitude at a distance of thirty miles on a clear night. In this powerful light the smoke of a steam-launch betrays itself at a distance of more than two thousand yards, so that its value as a preservative of costly war vessels from destruction can scarcely be overrated.

Electricity, however, can equally be adapted for purposes of attack as for defense, for it seems that on board ship the electric fuse is superseding the old lanyard in the firing of heavy cannon. It is specially convenient for turret guns, as it is not only possible to take better aim by this use of electricity, but the effect of the shots is more terrible, through the concentrated fire of a simultaneous discharge of several projectiles, which will penetrate heavy armor when single shots are comparatively harmless. As, owing to the smallness of port-holes and the nearness of guns to the water, the sighting is better performed by an officer stationed above them, he can by electric wires discharge the guns simultaneously at the moment he thinks most fit, while being likely to act with all the more coolness and judgment from being out of the way of the smoke and bustle below.

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, in his lecture on "The wastes and burdens of society," claims "man's *natural* life to be 80 years, and as the *average* life is but 33 years, there must be a waste of 47 years." There is much of truth in this statement. If a man be unfortunate in business, it is attributed to the violation of some *commercial* law. Now, if a person be taken off in the prime of life, ought it not to be attributed to the violation of some *physiological* law? If people only knew better, they would live better and longer; but how can they profit by that which they know not of? The only popular work that meets this great want is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. In it the great problems of disease and health are fully discussed. The work contains over 900 pages, and 250 colored plates and woodcuts. Price $1 50 (post-paid). Address the author, R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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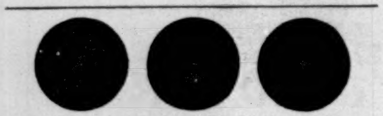
JOHN L. SMITH.



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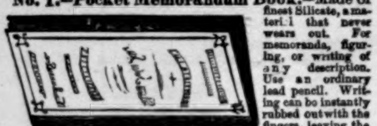

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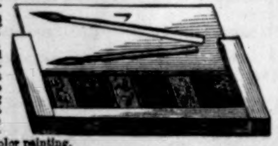

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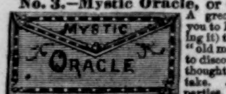

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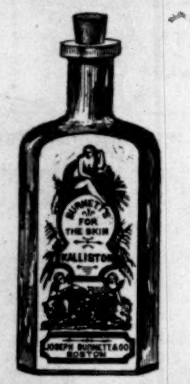

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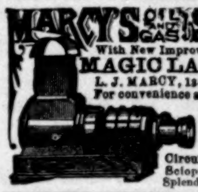

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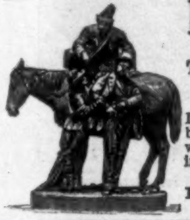

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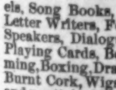

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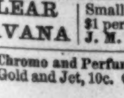

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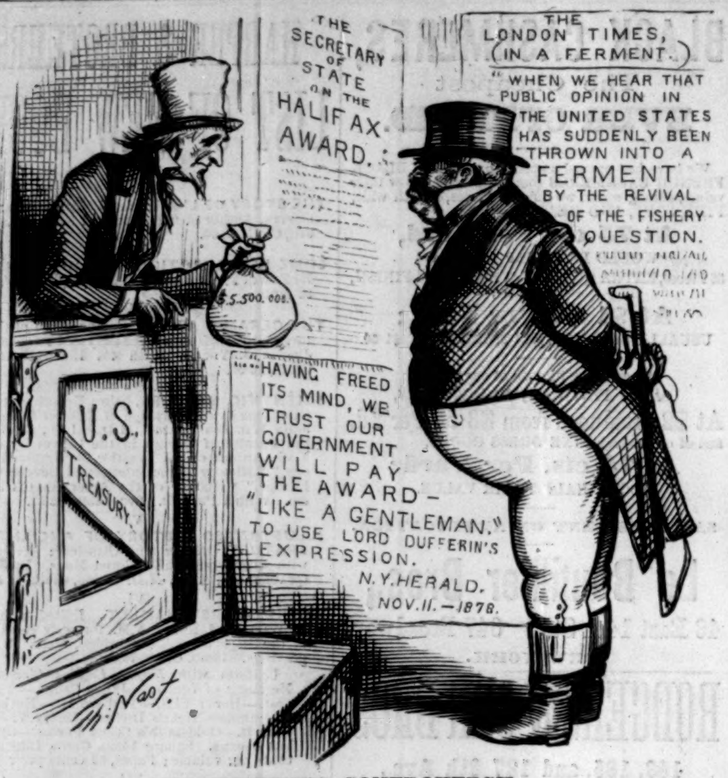
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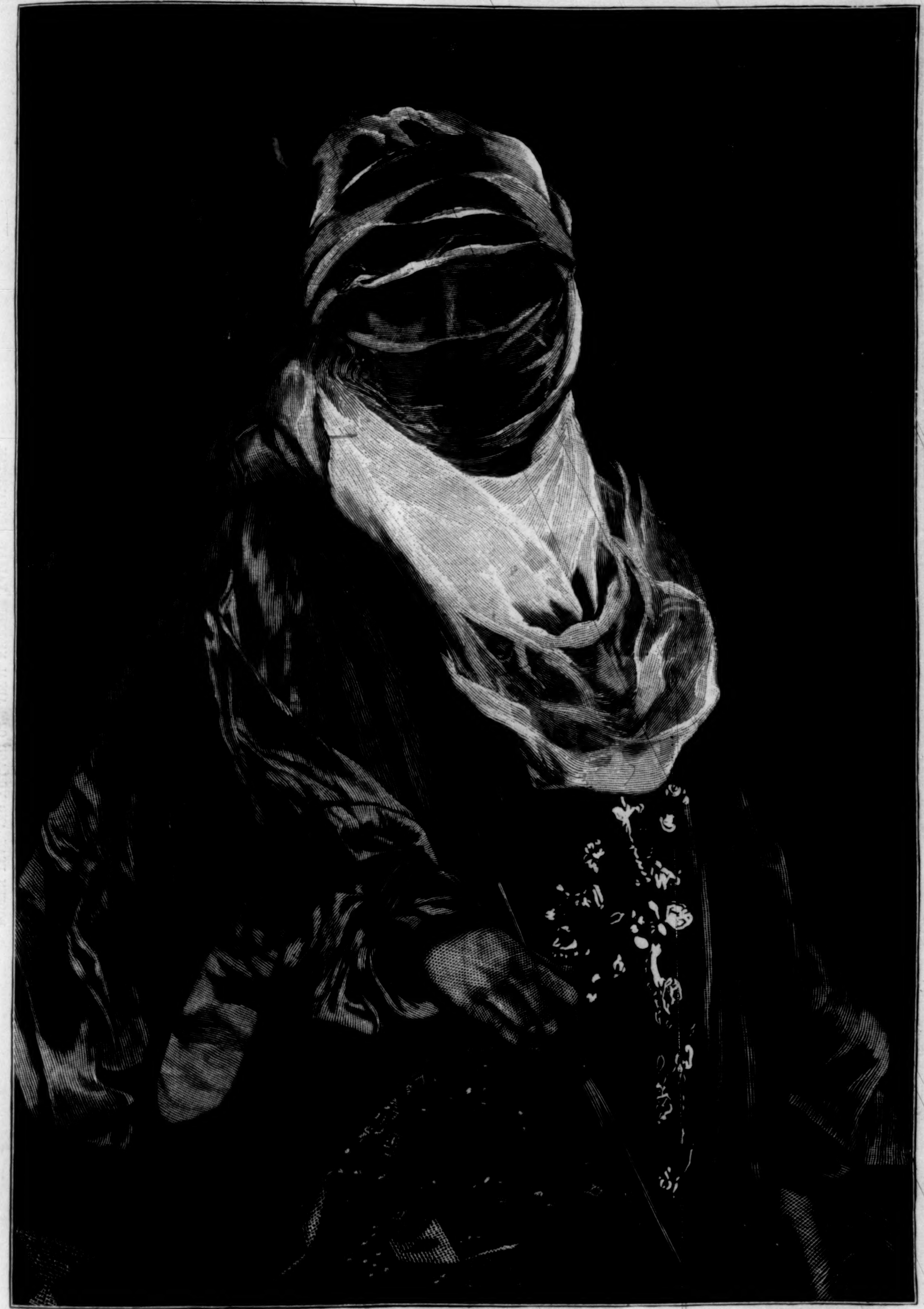


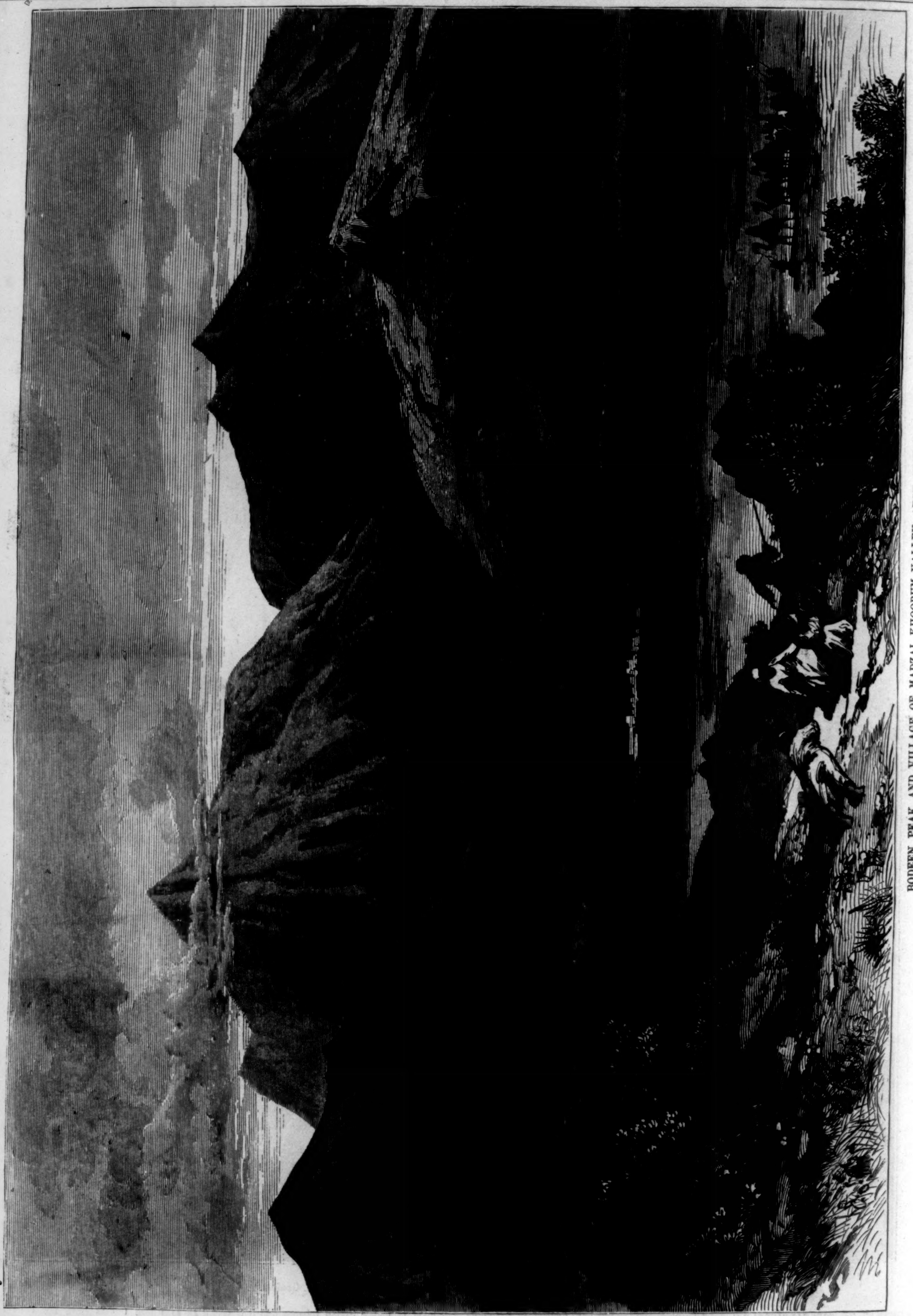
"A WOMAN OF CONSTANTINOPLE."—[FROM A PICTURE BY J. L. GÉRÔME.]

"A WOMAN OF CONSTANTINOPLE."

THE Oriental type of female loveliness is probably not so much endeared to the romantic imagination of those whose acquaintance with it comes from the reading of poetry as it was in the heyday of BYRON'S and TOM MOORE'S literary renown, some fifty or sixty years ago. There are few young gentlemen, we believe, of this generation who are disposed to give their hearts away to an ideal Light of the Harem, such as were formerly supposed to yield an indolent domestic felicity to every fortunate Pasha, Beg, and Aga, or wealthy Effendi of the Sultan's happy empire. We are now pretty well undeceived and *désillusionnés* by the hideous botherations of the Eastern question during the past quarter of a century, and by the multitude of travellers and newspaper correspondents, in times of peace as well as in the military campaigns, whose prose writings have made us but too familiar with the sorry realities of Mohammedan social life. As for the condition and quality of womanhood in that region of the world, they are evidently such as to render the sex, whether a man possess one sole wife or half a dozen, the most tedious incumbrance to their male proprietors. We should not be inclined, for our part, to make an exception in favor of this delicate creature, with her big black eyes sadly looking out above the "yashmak," or veil that covers her nose and lips, in M. GÉRÔME'S beautiful picture. She is, no doubt, an inveterate smoker of choice Syrian tobacco, and it is very likely that she spits; she has no more conversation, knowledge, sentiment, intelligence, or manners than a wax doll; and to sit a whole evening in her company would be the severest penance to any rational man. The women of Constantinople, and the men for their sake, are very much to be pitied.

AFGHAN PASSES.

IN this Supplement we add two more to our series of engravings illustrating the principal points of interest in and about Afghanistan. The wild and mountainous character of the scenery throughout the whole country can scarcely be realized by those whose travels have not been extended through this portion of Asia. Nowhere else in the world is there an independent country so guarded and defended on its borders by mountain ranges, or so intersected and traversed by them. In the northeast, the Alpine region of the Hindoo Coosh, a wild mountain isthmus, cleft by numerous ravines and towering up into the clime of perpetual ice, unites the high masses of land in Eastern with those in Western Asia, and presents formidable obstructions to communication between the territory of the Oxus and that of the Indus. In the east the parallel chains of the Suliman Mountains, together with those of Kalabagh and Khyber to the north, abruptly divide the country from the flat region of the Punjab

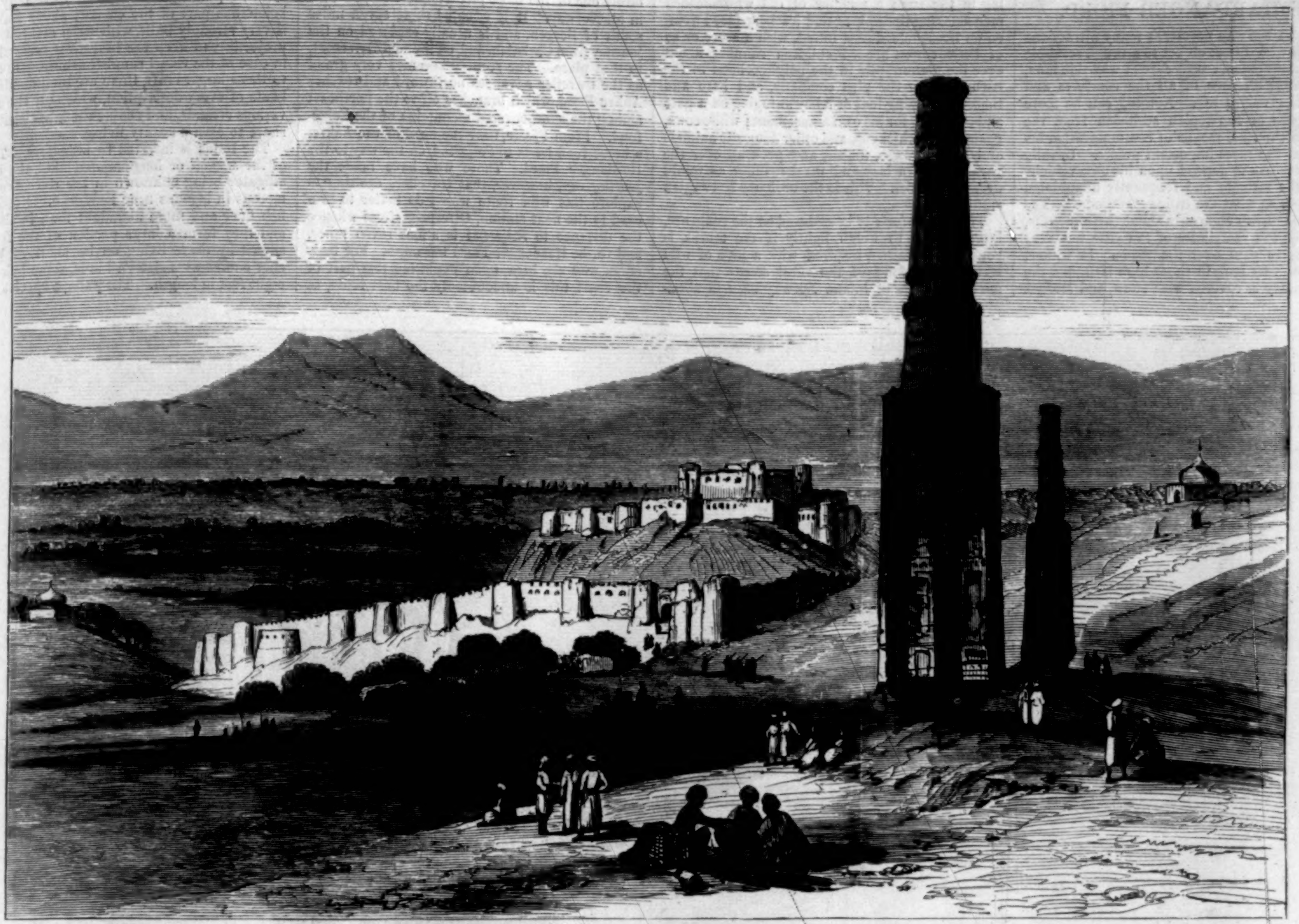


BODEEN PEAK AND VILLAGE OF MADZAI, KHOORUM VALLEY, AFGHANISTAN.

and the plains of the Lower Indus. The mountain labyrinth of Paropamisus, as the Greeks called the ranges of Hazareh and Eimack, has been little explored either in its eastern parts or in the highlands stretching out toward Persia, although the historical importance of the region has long been known.

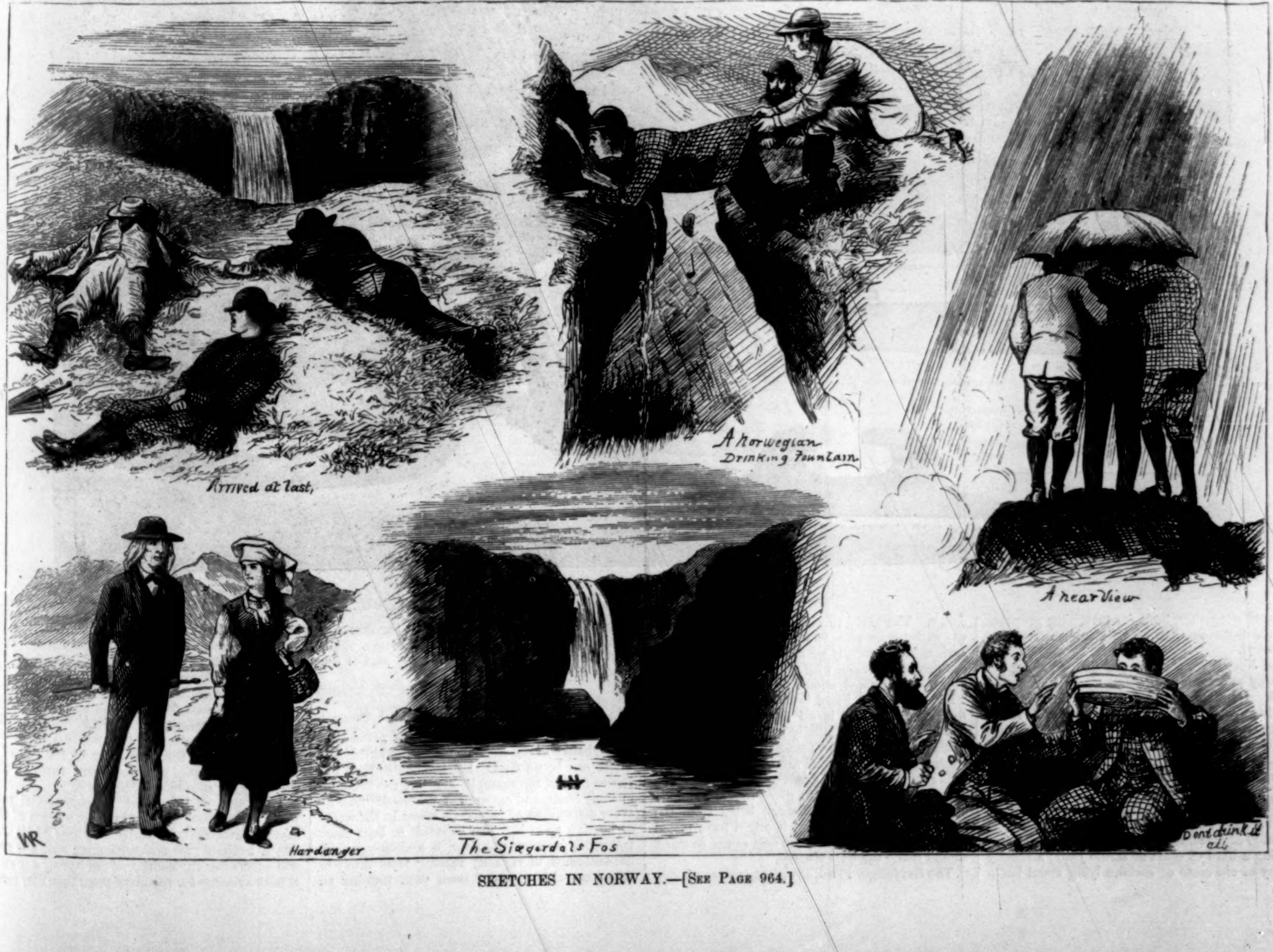
The two most important passes leading to the interior of Afghanistan from the east are the Khyber and the Bolan, of which illustrations have already been given in the *Weekly;* but the Khoorum Pass, though less easily practicable, is in reality the most convenient route from the Punjab either direct to the fortress of Ghuznee or, turning northwest, to the capital, Cabool. It seems to have been arranged in the plan of the impending war between England and Afghanistan that the central column of the English forces, which is now being collected at Thull, shall advance through the Khoorum Pass and valley, with a view to an eventual attack on Ghuznee and Cabool. From the English military station at Kohât to the frontier at Thull, on the banks of the Khoorum River, there is an excellent road. At Thull the Khoorum is crossed by an easy ford, and from this point there are two roads, both of which are practicable for artillery. The shortest and most direct road is, however, the roughest. The various stages along this route are sketched by an English writer as follows: "It leads from Thull to Tara Khooa, eleven miles; next, to Huzar Peer Ziarut, fifteen miles; third, the Durinzai Pass (not difficult), eleven miles; fourth, Ahmedzye, on the right hand of the Khoorum, a small mud fort, built by the late Sirdar MOHAMMED AZIM KHAN when he was Governor of Khoorum and Khool (this place is held by a small Afghan garrison); fifth, Peywar Kothul (a pass practicable for cavalry, and might be easily rendered so for field artillery by a few sappers), twenty-five miles. An intermediate stage could easily be made, as the Khoorum Valley is throughout open and fertile. From the crest of the Peywar Kothul to Cabool is only seventy-five miles. The Cabool side of the pass is steeper and more difficult, but still practicable." The tribes here are, however, hostile to the English, the Ghilzyes more especially so. The pass is never closed even in winter, though snow to the depth of four or five feet covers it. Traffic serves to keep the road open, and Afghan troops cross it at all seasons. The Turis and Baugash tribes who inhabit Khoorum are so much oppressed by their Afghan Governor, that it would probably require but little persuasion to rouse them to rebellion.

The fortress of Ghuznee, toward which this route



FORTRESS AND CITADEL OF GHUZNEE, AFGHANISTAN, WITH THE TWO MINARS.

also leads, is already memorable in connection with former wars between the English and Afghans. The site of Ghuznee, on a plain 7700 feet above the sea, causes its winter climate to be severe, the thermometer falling sometimes ten and twenty degrees below zero. The town has some little trade, but its population does not number above ten thousand. Its high walls, erected upon the top of a scarped rock, with a wet ditch below, have an imposing aspect, but are not so impregnable as they appear. The citadel is in the north corner of the town, but, in spite of its being on a commanding height, it could easily be bombarded from the neighboring hills. Ghuznee was the capital of Sultan MAHMUD, the great Turkish conqueror of Persia and India in the eleventh century. His sepulchre, amid the ruins of the ancient city outside the walls of the existing town, is a place of great interest to all Asiatic Mussulmans. It is, however, but a simple structure of no great magnitude, with a cupola above, and a chamber that was formerly closed with the beautiful gates of carved wood supposed to have been brought from the Hindoo temple of Somnauth or Siva, which is at Pattan, in Gujerat, Western India. The value set upon these wonderful specimens of Hindoo art is illustrated by the rather absurd conduct of Lord ELLENBOROUGH, Governor-General of India, during the war which ended in 1842. When Ghuznee was recaptured by the Indian forces this potentate ordered the gates of the sepulchre to be removed, and they are now deposited at Agra. At the same time he thought it worth while to issue a proclamation announcing that "the insult of eight hundred years was avenged" by this restoration, as he fancied, of the stolen gates of the temple of Somnauth. But it has unfortunately been proved that the gates brought from Ghuznee to Agra can not be those of the Somnauth temple, as they are not of Hindoo workmanship, and are not of sandal-wood. The probabilities of the case are that the original gates were at some time destroyed by fire or by natural decay, and that these were substituted for them. Our view of Ghuznee includes a part of the ruins of the ancient city, with the two lofty minars, built of brick, a hundred feet high and twelve feet in diameter. These towers and the tomb of Sultan MAHMUD were spared by the Prince of Ghore, ALLAH-UD-DEEN, when he destroyed the capital of the mighty conqueror, in 1151, soon after MAHMUD's death.



SKETCHES IN NORWAY.—[SEE PAGE 964.]